THE

POEMS

OF

Mr. GRAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MEMOIRS

OF HIS

LIFE and WRITINGS

BY

W. MASON, M.A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Mr. GRAY.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

The second part of the FOURTH, and the FIFTH
And LAST SECTION of the MEMOIRS.

EST ADHUC HOMINIBUS ET CURA ET OFFICIUM:
SUNT QUI DEFUNCTORUM QUOQUE AMICOS AGANT.
PLINII EPIST.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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MEMOIRS

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Mr. GRAY.

The laſt part of the FOURTH SECTION.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. STONHEWER.*

Auguſt 21, 1755.

I Thank you for your intelligence about Herculaneum, which was the firſt news I received of it. I have ſince turned over Monſignor Baiardi's

NOTE.

* Now Auditor of Exciſe. His friendſhip with Mr. Gray commenced at College, and continued till the death of the latter.

book *, where I have learned how many grains of modern wheat the Roman Congius, in the Capitol, holds, and how many thouſandth parts of an inch the Greek foot conſiſted of more (or leſs, for I forget which) than our own. He proves alſo by many affecting examples, that an Antiquary may be miſtaken: That, for any thing any body knows, this place under ground might be ſome other place, and not Herculaneum; but nevertheleſs, that he can ſhew for certain, that it was this place and no other place; that it is hard to ſay which of the ſeveral Hercules's was the founder; therefore (in the third volume) he promiſes to give us the memoirs of them all; and after that, if we do not know what to think of the matter, he will tell us. There is a great deal of wit too, and ſatire and verſes, in the book, which is intended chiefly for the information of the French King, who will be greatly edified without doubt.

I

NOTE.

* I believe the book here ridiculed was publiſhed by the Authority of the King of Naples. But afterwards, on finding how ill qualified the Author was to execute the taſk, the buſineſs of deſcribing the Antiquities found at Herculaneum was put into other hands; who have certainly, as far as they have gone, performed it much better.

I am much obliged to you alſo for Voltaire's performance; it is very unequal, as he is apt to be in all but his dramas, and looks like the work of a man that will admire his retreat and his Leman-Lake no longer than till he finds an opportunity to leave it *: However, though there be many parts which I do not like, yet it is in ſeveral places excellent, and every where above mediocrity. As you have the politeneſs to pretend impatience, and deſire I would communicate, and all that, I annex a piece of the Prophecy †; which muſt be true at leaſt, as it was wrote ſo many hundred years after the events.

NOTES.

* I do not recollect the title of this Poem, but it was a ſmall one which M. de Voltaire wrote when he firſt ſettled at Ferney. By the long reſidence he has ſince made there, it appears either that our Author was miſtaken in his conjecture, or that an opportunity of leaving it had not yet happened.

† The ſecond Antiſtrophe and Epode, with a few lines of the third Strophe of his Ode, entitled the Bard, were here inſerted.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, March 25, 1756.

THOUGH I had no reaſonable excuſe for myſelf before I received your laſt Letter, yet ſince that time I have had a pretty good one; having been taken up in quarrelling with Peter-houſe *, and in removing myſelf from thence to Pembroke. This may be looked upon

NOTE.

* The reaſon of Mr. Gray's changing his College, which is here only glanced at, was in few words this: Two or three young Men of Fortune, who lived in the ſame ſtair-caſe, had for ſome time intentionally diſturbed him with their riots, and carried their ill behaviour ſo far as frequently to awaken him at midnight. After having borne with their inſults longer than might reaſonably have been expected even from a man of leſs warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the Governing part of the Society; and not thinking that his remonſtrance was ſufficiently attended to, quitted the College. The ſlight manner in which he mentions this affair, when writing to one of his moſt intimate friends, certainly does honour to the placability of his diſpoſition.

upon as a ſort of æra in a life ſo barren of events as mine; yet I ſhall treat it in Voltaire's manner, and only tell you that I left my Lodgings becauſe the rooms were noiſy, and the people of the houſe uncivil. This is all I would chooſe to have ſaid about it; but if you in private ſhould be curious enough to enter into a particular detail of facts and minute circumſtances, the Bearer, who was witneſs to them, will probably ſatisfy you. All I ſhall ſay more is, that I am for the preſent extremely well lodged here, and as quiet as in the Grand Chartreuſe; and that every body (even Dr. Long himſelf) are as civil as they could be to * Mary of Valens in perſon.

With regard to any advice I can give you about your being Phyſician to the Hoſpital, I frankly own it ought to give way to a much better judge, eſpecially ſo diſintereſted a one as Dr. Heberden. I love refuſals no more than you do. But as to your fears of Effluvia, I maintain that one ſick rich patient has more of peſtilence and putrefaction about him than a whole ward of ſick poor.

The

NOTE.

* Foundreſs of the College.

The ſimilitude between the Italian Republics and thoſe of Antient Greece has often ſtruck me, as it does you. I do not wonder that Sully's Memoirs have highly entertained you; but cannot agree with you in thinking Him or his Maſter two of the beſt men in the world. The King was indeed one of the beſt-natured men that ever lived; but it is owing only to chance that his intended marriage with Madame d'Eſtreés, or with the Marquiſe de Verneuil, did not involve him and the kingdom in the moſt inextricable confuſion; and his deſign upon the Princeſs of Condé (in his old age) was worſe ſtill. As to the Miniſter, his baſe application to Concini, after the murder of Henry, has quite ruined him in my eſteem, and deſtroyed all the merit of that honeſt ſurly pride for which I honoured him before; yet I own that, as Kings and Miniſters go, they were both extraordinary men. Pray look at the end of Birch's State Papers of Sir J. Edmonds, for the character of the French Court at that time; it is written by Sir George Carew.

You ſhould have received Maſon's Preſent * laſt Saturday. I deſire you to tell me your critical opinion of the

NOTE.

* The four Odes which I had juſt publiſhed ſeparately.

the New Odes, and alſo whether you have found out two lines which he has inſerted in his third to a friend, which are ſuperlative *. We do not expect the world, which is juſt going to be invaded, will beſtow much attention on them; if you hear any thing, you will tell us.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

June 14, 1756.

THOUGH I allow abundance for your kindneſs and partiality to me, I am yet much pleaſed with the good opinion you ſeem to have of the Bard:

I

NOTE.

* I ſhould leave the Reader to gueſs (if he thought it worth his while) what this Couplet was, which is here commended ſo much beyond its merit, did not the Ode conclude with a Compliment to Mr. Gray, in which part he might probably look for it, as thoſe lines were written with the greater care. To ſecure, therefore, my Friend from any imputation of Vanity, whatever becomes of myſelf, I ſhall here inſert the paſſage.

While thro' the weſt, where ſinks the crimſon Day,
Meek Twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves her banners gray.

I have not, however, done a word more than the little you have ſeen, having been in a very liſtleſs, unpleaſant, and *inutile* ſtate of mind for this long time, for which I ſhall beg you to preſcribe me ſomewhat ſtrengthening and agglutinant, leſt it turn to a confirmed Pthiſis.

I recommend two little French books to you, one called Memoirs de M. de la Porte; it has all the air of ſimplicity and truth, and contains ſome few very extraordinary facts relating to Anne of Auſtria and Cardinal Mazarine. The other is in two ſmall volumes, "Memoires de Madame Staal." The facts are no great matter, but the manner and vivacity make them intereſting. She was a ſort of Confidante to the late Dutcheſs of Maine, and impriſoned a long time on her account during the regency.

I ought before now to have thanked you for your kind offer, which I mean ſoon to accept, for a reaſon which to be ſure can be none to you and Mrs. Wharton; and therefore I think it my duty to give you notice of it. I have told you already of my mental ailments; and it is a very poſſible thing alſo that I may be bodily ill again in town, which I would not chuſe

to

to be in a dirty inconvenient lodging, where, perhaps, my nurſe might ſtifle me with a pillow; and therefore it is no wonder if I prefer your houſe: but I tell you of this in time, that if either of you are frightened at the thoughts of a ſick body, you may make a handſome excuſe and ſave yourſelves this trouble. You are not however to imagine my illneſs is *in eſſe*; no, it is only *in poſſe*; otherwiſe I ſhould be ſcrupulous of bringing it home to you. I think I ſhall be with you in about a fortnight.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Stoke, July 25, 1756.

I Feel a contrition for my long ſilence; and yet perhaps it is the laſt thing you trouble your head about. Nevertheleſs I will be as ſorry as if you took it ill. I am ſorry too to ſee you ſo punctilious as to ſtand upon anſwers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a Mercer's Wife, that imitates people who go a viſiting. I would forgive you this, if you could poſſibly ſuſpect I were doing

any

any thing that I liked better; for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has ſomewhat in it like kindneſs: But you know I am at Stoke, hearing, ſeeing, doing abſolutely nothing. Not ſuch a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diverſified with a ſucceſſion of fleeting colours; but heavy, lifeleſs, without form and void; ſometimes almoſt as black as the moral of Voltaire's Liſbon *, which angers you ſo. I have had no more muſcular inflations, and am only troubled with this depreſſion of mind. You will not expect therefore I ſhould give you any account of my *Verve*, which is at beſt (you know) of ſo delicate a conſtitution, and has ſuch weak nerves, as not to ſtir out of its chamber above three days in a year. But I ſhall enquire after yours, and why it is off again? It has certainly worſe nerves than mine, if your Reviewers have frighted it. Sure I (not to mention a ſcore of your other Critics) am ſomething a better Judge than all the Man-Midwives and Preſbyterian Parſons † that ever were born. Pray give me leave to aſk

NOTES.

* His Poem "ſur la Deſtruction de Liſbon," publiſhed about that time.

† The Reviewers, at the time, were ſuppoſed to be of theſe profeſſions.

aſk you, do you find yourſelf tickled with the commendations of ſuch people? (for you have your ſhare of theſe too) I dare ſay not; your Vanity has certainly a better taſte. And can then the cenſure of ſuch critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in theſe gentry to talk of one at all either in good or in bad; but this we muſt all ſwallow: I mean not only we that write, but all the *we's* that ever did any thing to be talked of.

While I am writing I receive yours, and rejoice to find that the genial influences of this fine ſeaſon, which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantaſies in you *. I ſee, methinks, as I ſit on Snowdon, ſome glimpſe of Mona and her haunted ſhades, and hope we ſhall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with, I will be ſure to ſend you when I return to Cambridge; but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the Druids from modern Biſhops at this diſtance. I can only tell you not to go and take Mona for the Iſle of Man: it is Angleſey, a tract of plain country, very fertile,

NOTE.

* I had ſent him my firſt idea of Caractacus, drawn out in a ſhort argument.

fertile, but pictureſque only from the view it has of Caernarvonſhire, from which it is ſeparated by the Menaï, a narrow arm of the ſea. Forgive me for ſuppoſing in you ſuch a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious ſucceſſes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a houſe together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and no body there will underſtand a word we ſay or write.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Cambridge, May, 1757.

YOU are ſo forgetful of me that I ſhould not forgive it, but that I ſuppoſe Caractacus may be the better for it. Yet I hear nothing from him neither, in ſpite of his promiſes: there is no faith in man, no not in a Welchman; and yet Mr. Parry* has been here,

NOTE.

* A capital performer on the Welch Harp, and who was either born blind, or had been ſo from his infancy.

here, and ſcratched out ſuch raviſhing blind harmony, ſuch tunes of a thouſand years old, with names enough to choak you, as have ſet all this learned body a dancing, and inſpired them with due reverence for my old Bard his countryman, whenever he ſhall appear. Mr. Parry, you muſt know, has put my Ode in motion again, and has brought it at laſt to a concluſion. 'Tis to him, therefore, that you owe the treat which I ſend you incloſed; namely, the breaſt and merry-thought, and rump too of the chicken which I have been chewing ſo long, that I would give the world for neck-beef or cow-heel.

You will obſerve, in the beginning of this thing, ſome alterations of a few words, partly for improvement, and partly to avoid repetitions of like words and rhymes; yet I have not got rid of them all; the ſix laſt lines of the fifth ſtanza are new, tell me whether they will do. I am well aware of many weakly things towards the concluſion, but I hope the end itſelf will do; give me your full and true opinion, and that not upon deliberation, but forthwith. Mr. Hurd himſelf allows that *Lyon port* is not too bold for Queen Elizabeth.

I have got the old Scotch Ballad on which Douglas * was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence to Aſton. Have you never ſeen it? Ariſtotle's beſt rules are obſerved in it, in a manner that ſhews the Author had never read Ariſtotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play: you may read it two thirds thro' without gueſſing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impoſſible not to underſtand the whole ſtory. I ſend you the two firſt ſtanzas.

* * * *

LETTER

NOTE.

* He had a high opinion of this firſt Drama of Mr. Home. In a letter to another friend, dated Auguſt 10, this year, he ſays, "I am greatly ſtruck with the Tragedy of Douglas, "though it has infinite faults: The Author ſeems to me to "have retrieved the true Language of the ſtage, which had "been loſt for theſe hundred years; and there is one ſcene "(between Matilda and the old Peaſant) ſo maſterly, that "it ſtrikes me blind to all the defects in the world." The Ballad, which he here applauds, is to be found in Mr. Percy's Reliques of antient Poetry, vol. III. p. 89, a work publiſhed after the date of this letter.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. GRAY to * Mr. HURD.

Stoke, Auguſt 25, 1757.

I Do not know why you ſhould thank me for what you had a right and title to †; but attribute it to the exceſs of your politeneſs; and the more ſo, becauſe almoſt no one elſe has made me the ſame compliment. As your acquaintance in the Univerſity (you ſay) do me the honour to *admire*, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice, that they are doing a very unfaſhionable thing; for all People of Condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to underſtand. One very great Man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, ſays that he had read them ſeven or eight times; and that now, when he next ſees him, he ſhall not have above *thirty queſtions* to aſk. Another (a Peer) believes that the laſt Stanza of the ſecond Ode relates to King Charles the Firſt and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not *ſucceed*, and write me moving

NOTES.

* Now Biſhop of Litchfield and Coventry.

† A preſent of his two Pindaric Odes juſt then publiſhed.

ing topics of conſolation on that head. In ſhort, I have heard of no body but an Actor and a Doctor of Divinity that profeſs their eſteem for them *. Oh yes, a Lady of quality, (a friend of Maſon's) who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never ſuſpected there was any thing ſaid about Shakeſpear or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wiſhes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

From

NOTE.

* This was written Auguſt 25, 1757. An extract from a letter of Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton, dated October 7, 1757, mentions another admirer, whom he knew how to value. "Dr. Warburton is come to town, and I am told likes them "extremely; he ſays the world never paſſed ſo juſt an opi-"nion upon any thing as upon them; for that in other things "they have affected to like or diſlike: whereas here they "own they do not underſtand, which he looks upon to be "very true; but yet thinks they underſtand them as well as "Milton or Shakeſpear, whom they are obliged, by faſhion, "to admire. Mr. Garrick's complimentary verſes to me "you have ſeen; I am told they were printed in the Chro-"nicle of laſt Saturday. The Critical Review is in rap-"tures; but miſtakes the Æolian Lyre for the Harp of "Æolus, and on this pleaſant error founds both a compli-"ment and a criticiſm. This is all I heard that ſignifies "any thing.".

From this mention of Maſon's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correſpondents. No ſuch thing; I have not heard from him theſe two months. I will be ſure to ſcold in my own name, as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are ſo ripe for the preſs, and ſo voluminous; not for my own ſake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of ſeeing your labours both public and private, but for yours too; for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as uſual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the laſt degree, yet do nothing. Indeed I have one excuſe; my health (which you have ſo kindly enquired after) is not extraordinary, ever ſince I came hither. It is no great malady, but ſeveral little ones, that ſeem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleaſure to me to hear whether Content dwells in Leiceſterſhire, and how ſhe entertains herſelf there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet uglineſs of Cambridge.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Stoke, Sept. 28, 1757.

I Have (as I deſired Mr. Stonhewer to tell you) read over Caractacus twice, not with pleaſure only, but with emotion. You may ſay what you will; but the contrivance, the manners, the intereſts, the paſſions, and the expreſſion, go beyond the dramatic part * of your

NOTE.

* In the manuſcript now before him, Mr. Gray had only the firſt Ode, the others were not then written; and although the dramatic part was brought to a concluſion, yet it was afterwards in many places altered. He was miſtaken with regard to the opinion the world would have about it. That world, which uſually loves to be led in ſuch matters, rather than form an opinion for itſelf, was taught a different ſentiment; and one of its leaders went ſo far as to declare, that he never knew a ſecond work fall ſo much below a firſt from the ſame hand. To oppoſe Mr. Gray's judgment to his, I muſt own gives me ſome ſatisfaction; and to enjoy it I am willing to riſk that imputation of vanity, which may probably fall to my ſhare for having publiſhed this Letter. I muſt add, however, that ſome of my friends adviſed it for the ſake of the more *general* criticiſms which they thought too valuable to be ſuppreſſed.

your Elfrida, many many leagues. I even ſay (though you will think me a bad judge of this) that the *World* will like it better. I am ſtruck with the Chorus, who are not there merely to ſing and dance, but bear throughout a principal part in the action; and have (beſide the *Coſtume*, which is excellent) as much a character of their own, as any other perſon. I am charmed with their prieſtly pride and obſtinacy, when, after all is loſt, they reſolve to confront the Roman General, and ſpit in his face. But now I am going to tell you what touches me moſt from the beginning. The firſt opening is greatly improved: the curioſity of Didius is now a very natural reaſon for dwelling on each particular of the ſcene before him; nor is the deſcription at all too long. I am glad to find the two young men are Cartiſmandua's ſons. They intereſt me far more. I love people of condition. They were men before that no body knew: one could not make them a bow if one had met them at a public place.

I always admired that interruption of the Druids to Evelina, *Peace, virgin, peace,* &c. and chiefly the *abſtract idea perſonified* (to uſe the words of a Critic) at the end of it. That of Caractacus, *Would ſave my Queen,* &c. and ſtill more that, *I know it, reverend Fa-*

thers, 'tis Heav'n's high will, &c. to *I've done, begin the rites!* This latter is exemplary for the expreſſion (always the great point with me); I do not mean by expreſſion the mere choice of words, but the whole dreſs, faſhion, and arrangement of a thought. Here, in particular, it is the brokenneſs, the ungrammatical poſition, the total ſubverſion of the period that charms me. All that uſhers in the incantation from *Try we yet; what holineſs can do*, I am delighted with in quite another way; for this is pure poetry, as it ought to be, forming the proper tranſition, and leading on the mind to that ſtill purer poetry that follows it.

In the beginning of the ſucceeding act I admire the Chorus again, *Is it not now the hour, the holy hour*, &c. and their evaſion of a lie, *Say'ſt thou, proud Boy*, &c. and *ſleep with the unſun'd ſilver*, which is an example of a dramatic ſimile. The ſudden appearance of Caractacus, the pretended reſpect and admiration of Vellinus, and the probability of his ſtory, the diſtruſt of the Druids, and their reaſoning with Caractacus, and particularly that *'Tis meet thou ſhould'ſt, thou art a King*, &c. and *Mark me, Prince, the time will come, when Deſtiny*, &c. are well, and happily imagined. A-propos, of the laſt

ſtriking

ſtriking paſſage I have mentioned, I am going to make a digreſſion.

When we treat a ſubject, where the manners are almoſt loſt in antiquity, our ſtock of ideas muſt needs be ſmall; and nothing betrays our poverty more, than the returning to, and harping frequently on, one image. It was therefore I thought you ſhould omit ſome lines before, though good in themſelves, about the *ſcythed car*, that the paſſage now before us might appear with greater luſtre when it came; and in this I ſee you have complied with me. But there are other ideas here and there ſtill, that occur too often, particularly about *the Oaks*, ſome of which I would diſcard to make way for the reſt.

But the ſubjects I ſpeak of to compenſate (and more than compenſate) that unavoidable poverty, have one great advantage when they fall into good hands. They leave an unbounded liberty to pure imagination and fiction, (our favourite provinces) where no Critic can moleſt, or Antiquary gainſay us; and yet (to pleaſe me) theſe fictions muſt have ſome affinity, ſome ſeeming *connexion*, with that little we really know of the character and cuſtoms of the people. For example, I never heard

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in my days that Midnight and the Moon were Siſters; that they carried rods of ebony and gold, or met to whiſper on the top of a mountain: but now I could lay my life it is all true; and do not doubt it will be found ſo in ſome Pantheon of the Druids, that is to be diſcovered in the Library at Herculaneum. The *Car of Deſtiny and Death* is a very noble invention of the ſame claſs, and, as far as that goes, is ſo fine, that it makes me more delicate, than perhaps I ſhould be, about the cloſe of it. *Andraſte ſailing on the wings of Fame*, that ſnatches the wreaths from oblivion to hang them on her loftieſt Amaranth, though a clear and beautiful piece of *unknown* Mythology, has too *Greek* an air to give me perfect ſatisfaction.

Now I proceed. The preparation to the Chorus, though ſo much akin to that in the former act, is excellent. The remarks of Evelina and her ſuſpicions of the Brothers, mixed with a ſecret inclination to the younger of them, (though, I think, her part throughout wants retouching) yet pleaſe me much, and the contrivance of the following ſcene much more. *Maſters of Wiſdom, no*, &c. I always admired; as I do the rocking ſtone, and the diſtreſs of Elidurus. Evelina's examination of him is a well-invented ſcene, and will be,

with

with a little pains, a very touching one; but the introduction of Arviragus is ſuperlative. I am not ſure whether thoſe few lines of his ſhort narrative, *My ſtrength repair'd, it boots not, that I tell*, &c. do not pleaſe me as much as any thing in the whole Drama. The ſullen bravery of Elidurus, the menaces of the Chorus, that *Think not, Religion*, &c. the Trumpet of the Druids, that *I'll follow him, tho' in my chains*, &c. *Haſt thou a Brother, no*, &c. the placability of the Chorus, when they ſee the motives of Elidurus's obſtinacy, give me great contentment: ſo do the reflections of the Druid on the neceſſity of luſtration, and the reaſons for Vellinus's eaſy eſcape; but I would not have him *ſeize on a ſpear*, nor *iſſue haſty through the cavern's mouth*. Why ſhould he not ſteal away, unaſked and unmiſſed, till the hurry of paſſions in thoſe, that ſhould have guarded him, was a little abated? But I chiefly admire the two ſpeeches of Elidurus; *Ah, Vellinus, is this then*, &c. and, *Ye do gaze on me, Fathers*, &c. the manner in which the Chorus reply to him is very fine; but the image at the end wants a little mending. The next ſcene is highly moving! it is ſo very good, that I muſt have it made yet better.

Now

Now for the laſt act. I do not know what you would have, but to me the deſign and contrivance of it is at leaſt equal to any part of the whole. The ſhort-lived triumph of the Britons, the addreſs of Caractacus to the Roman Victims, Evelina's diſcovery of the ambuſh, the miſtake of the Roman fires for the riſing ſun, the death of Arviragus, the interview between Didius and Caractacus, his mourning over his dead Son, his parting ſpeech, (in which you have made all the uſe of Tacitus that your plan would admit) every thing, in ſhort, but that little diſpute between Didius and him; *'Tis well; and therefore to encreaſe that reverence*, &c. down to, *Give me a moment* (which muſt be omitted, or put in the mouth of the Druids) I approve in the higheſt degree. If I ſhould find any fault with the laſt act, it could only be with trifles and little expreſſions. If you make any alterations, I fear it will never improve it; I mean as to the plan. I ſend you back the two laſt ſheets, becauſe you bid me. I reſerve my nibblings and minutiæ for another day.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Cambridge, Dec. 19, 1757.

A Life ſpent out of the world has its hours of deſpondence, its inconveniencies, its ſufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the ſame ſort, as a life ſpent in the midſt of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little ſtrength and conſolation, nay, a little pride we catch from thoſe that ſeem to love us, is our only ſupport in either of theſe conditions. I am ſenſible I cannot return you more of this aſſiſtance than I have received from you; and can only tell you, that one who has far more reaſon than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with ſomething worſe than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with ſatisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too, on a ſcene not very promiſing, with ſome hope, and ſome expectations of a better day. The cauſe, however, which occaſioned your reflection, (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it) does not ſeem, at preſent, to be weighty enough

enough to make you take any ſuch reſolution as you meditate. Uſe it in its ſeaſon, as a relief from what is tireſome to you, but not as if it was in conſequence of any thing you take ill; on the contrary, if ſuch a thing had happened at the time of your tranſmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance.

As to myſelf, I cannot boaſt, at preſent, either of my ſpirits, my ſituation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the nights paſs, and I am never the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave ſome traces of their journey behind them, and have ſtrength enough to adviſe you to do ſo while you can. I expect to ſee Caractacus compleated, and therefore I ſend you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furniſh you with any new matter; but they are well enough written, and eaſily read. I told you before that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the Edda, without entering too minutely on particulars: but, if I did ſo, I would make each image ſo clear, that it might be fully underſtood by itſelf; for in this obſcure mythology we muſt not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is ſuppoſed to know at ſchool. However, on ſecond thoughts, I think it would be ſtill better to

graft

graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid-stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the Critics to fasten on.

I send you back the Elegy * as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on Criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking); the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did not you forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes); the descriptive part is excellent.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy

NOTE.

* Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.

eaſy to pick holes and to mend them? All I can ſay is, that your Elegy muſt not end with the worſt line in it *. It is flat; it is proſe; whereas that, above all, ought to ſparkle, or at leaſt to ſhine. If the ſentiment muſt ſtand, twirl it a little into an apothegm; ſtick a flower in it; gild it with a coſtly expreſſion; let it ſtrike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am ſatisfied.

The other particular expreſſions which I object to, I mark on the manuſcript. Now, I deſire you would neither think me ſevere, nor at all regard what I ſay further than as it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deſerves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy with an ingenuous countenance, and promiſes to live long. I would only waſh its face, dreſs it a little, make it walk upright and ſtrong, and keep it from learning *paw* words.

I hope you couched my refuſal † to Lord John Cavendiſh in as reſpectful terms as poſſible, and with all due

NOTES.

* An attempt was accordingly made to improve it; how it ſtood when this criticiſm upon it was written, I cannot now recollect.

† Of being Poet Laureat on the death of Cibber, which place the late Duke of Devonſhire (then Lord Chamberlain) deſired

due acknowledgments to the Duke. If you hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know; for I intereſt myſelf a little in the hiſtory of it, and rather wiſh ſomebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the laſt man of character that had it; Euſden was a perſon of great hopes in his youth, tho' at laſt he turned out a drunken parſon; Dryden was as diſgraceful to the office, from his character, as the pooreſt ſcribbler could have been from his verſes.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

February 21, 1758.

WOULD you know what I am doing? I doubt you have been told already, and hold my employments cheap enough; but every one muſt judge of his own *capability*, and *cut* his amuſements according to his diſpoſition. The drift of my preſent ſtudies is to know,

NOTE.

deſired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray; and his Lordſhip had commiſſioned me (then in town) to write to him concerning it.

know, wherever I am, what lies within reach that may be worth ſeeing, whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, proſpect, picture, or monument; to whom it does or has belonged, and what has been the characteriſtic and taſte of different ages. You will ſay this is the object of all Antiquaries; but pray what Antiquary ever ſaw theſe objects in the ſame light, or deſired to know them for a like reaſon? In ſhort, ſay what you pleaſe, I am perſuaded whenever my liſt * is finiſhed you will approve it, and think it of no ſmall uſe. My ſpirits are very near the freezing point; and for ſome hours of the day this exerciſe, by its warmth and gentle motion, ſerves to raiſe them a few degrees higher.

I hope the misfortune that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's canary bird will not be the ruin of Agis: it is probable you will have curioſity enough to ſee it, as it is by the Author of Douglas.

LETTER

NOTE.

* He wrote it, under its ſeveral diviſions, on the blank pages of a pocket Atlas. I printed lately a few copies of this catalogue for the uſe of ſome friends curious in ſuch matters; and, when I am ſufficiently furniſhed with their obſervations and improvements upon it, ſhall perhaps reprint it and give it to the public, as a ſhorter and more uſeful Pocket Companion to the Engliſh Traveller than has hitherto appeared.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Cambridge, March 8, 1758.

IT is indeed for want of ſpirits, as you ſuſpect, that my ſtudies lie among the Cathedrals, and the Tombs, and the Ruins. To think, though to little purpoſe, has been the chief amuſement of my days; and when I would not, or cannot think, I dream. At preſent I feel myſelf able to write a Catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are ſuch employments and ſuch authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing perhaps what is not half ſo well worth while. As to poſterity, I may aſk, (with ſome body whom I have forgot) what has it ever done to oblige me?

To make a tranſition from myſelf to as poor a ſubject, the Tragedy of Agis; I cry to think that it ſhould be by the Author of Douglas: Why, it is all modern Greek; the ſtory is an antique ſtatue painted white and red, frized, and dreſſed in a negligée made by a Yorkſhire

ſhire mantua-maker. Then here is the Miſcellany (Mr. Dodſley has ſent me the whole ſet gilt and lettered, I thank him). Why, the two laſt volumes are worſe than the four firſt; particularly Dr. Akenſide is in a deplorable way *. What ſignifies Learning and the Antients, (Maſon will ſay triumphantly) why ſhould people read Greek to loſe their imagination, their ear, and their mother tongue? But then there is Mr. Shenſtone, who truſts to nature and ſimple ſentiment, why does he do no better? he goes hopping along his own gravel-

NOTE.

* I have been told that this Writer, unqueſtionably a man of great learning and genius, entertained, ſome years before his death, a notion that *Poetry was only true eloquence in metre*; and, according to this idea, wrote his Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England, and afterwards made conſiderable alterations in that collection of Odes which he had publiſhed in the earlier part of his life. We have ſeen in the ſecond letter of this ſection, (Vol. III.) that Mr. Gray thought highly of his deſcriptive talents at that time. We are not therefore to impute what he here ſays to any prejudice in the Critic, but to that change of taſte in the Poet, which (if the above anecdote be true) would unavoidably flatten his deſcriptions, and diveſt them of all pictureſque imagery; nay, would ſometimes convert his verſe into mere proſe; or, what is ſtill worſe, hard inflated proſe.

gravel-walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being loſt.

I have read Dr. Swift, and am diſappointed *. There is nothing of the negotiations that I have not ſeen better in M. de Torcy before. The manner is careleſs, and has little to diſtinguiſh it from common writers. I meet with nothing to pleaſe me but the ſpiteful characters of the oppoſite party and its leaders. I expected much more ſecret hiſtory.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. STONHEWER.

Cambridge, Auguſt 18, 1758.

I Am as ſorry as you ſeem to be, that our acquaintance harped ſo much on the ſubject of materialiſm, when I ſaw him with you in town, becauſe it was plain to which ſide of the long-debated queſtion he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from

NOTE.

* His hiſtory of the four laſt years of Queen Anne.

the ſame feelings I learn, with equal conviction, that we are not *merely* ſuch: that there is a power within that ſtruggles againſt the force and bias of that mechaniſm, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call *Habit*; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion (no matter whether right or wrong) to that leaſt material of all agents, a Thought. I have known many in his caſe who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous; one that furniſhes us with a ready apology for all our worſt actions, and opens to us a full licence for doing whatever we pleaſe; and yet theſe very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men (as they naturally ſhould have been); their indignation to ſuch as offended them, their deſire of revenge on any body that hurt them was nothing mitigated: In ſhort, the truth is, they wiſhed to be perſuaded of that opinion for the ſake of its convenience, but were not ſo in their heart; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence) that nobody elſe ſhould think the ſame, for fear of the miſchief that might enſue to themſelves. His French Author I never ſaw, but have read fifty in the ſame ſtrain, and ſhall read no more. I can be wretched enough

enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek Sophiſt that got immortal honour by diſcourſing ſo feelingly on the miſeries of our condition, that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themſelves; yet he lived himſelf (I ſuppoſe) many years after in very good plight.

You ſay you cannot conceive how Lord Shafteſbury came to be a Philoſopher in vogue; I will tell you: Firſt, he was a Lord; 2dly, he was as vain as any of his readers; 3dly, men are very prone to believe what they do not underſtand; 4thly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; 5thly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and ſeemed always to mean more than he ſaid. Would you have any more reaſons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well deſtroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks but with Commoners: Vanity is no longer intereſted in the matter, for the new road is become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of Ruffs and Farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all; once it was reckoned graceful, half to diſcover and half conceal the mind, but now we have been long accuſtomed to ſee it quite

naked: primneſs and affectation of ſtyle, like the good breeding of Queen Anne's Court, has turned to hoydening and rude familiarity.

It will, I think, be no improper ſupplement to the foregoing letter to inſert a paper of Mr. Gray's, which contains ſome very pertinent ſtrictures on the writings of a later Lord, who was pleaſed to attack the moral attributes of the Deity; or, what amounted to the ſame thing, endeavoured to prove, "that we have no adequate ideas of his goodneſs and juſtice, as we have of his natural ones, his wiſdom and power." This poſition the excellent author of the View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philoſophy, calls the MAIN PILLAR of his ſyſtem; and adds, in another place, that the FATE OF ALL RELIGION is included in this queſtion. On this important point, therefore, that able Writer has dwelt largely, and confuted his Lordſhip effectually. Some ſort of readers, however, who probably would ſlight that confutation, may regard the arguments of a Layman, and even a Poet, more than thoſe which are drawn up by the pen of a Divine and a Biſhop: It is for the uſe of theſe that the paper is publiſhed; who, if they learn nothing elſe from it, will find that Mr. Gray

was

was not of their party, nor ſo great a wit as to diſbelieve the exiſtence of a Deity. *

"I will allow Lord Bolingbroke, that the moral, as well as phyſical, attributes of God muſt be known to us only à poſteriori, and that this is the only real knowledge we can have either of the one or the other; I will allow too that perhaps it may be an idle diſtinction which we make between them: His moral attributes being as much in his nature and eſſence as thoſe we call his phyſical; but the occaſion of our making ſome diſtinction is plainly this: His eternity, infinity, omniſcience,

NOTE.

* In one of his pocket-books I find a ſlight ſketch in verſe of his own character, which may, on account of one line in it, come into a note here with ſufficient propriety. It was written in 1761.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, ſo was thought ſomewhat odd;
No very great Wit, he believ'd in a God.
A Poſt or a Penſion he did not deſire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townſhend and Squire.

This laſt line needs no comment for readers of the preſent time, and it ſurely is not worth while to write one on this occaſion for poſterity.

niſcience, and almighty power, are not what connect him, if I may ſo ſpeak, with us his creatures. We adore him, not becauſe he always did in every place, and always will, exiſt; but becauſe he gave and ſtill preſerves to us our own exiſtence by an exertion of his goodneſs. We adore him, not becauſe he knows and can do all things, but becauſe he made us capable of knowing and of doing what may conduct us to happineſs: It is therefore his benevolence which we adore, not his greatneſs or power; and if we are made only to bear our part in a ſyſtem, without any regard to our own particular happineſs, we can no longer worſhip him as our all-bounteous parent: There is no meaning in the term. The idea of his malevolence (an impiety I tremble to write) muſt ſucceed. We have nothing left but our fears, and thoſe too vain; for whither can they lead but to deſpair and the ſad deſire of annihilation? "If then, "juſtice and goodneſs be not the ſame in God as in our "ideas, we mean nothing when we ſay that God is ne- "ceſſarily juſt and good; and for the ſame reaſon it "may as well be ſaid that we know not what we mean "when, according to Dr. Clarke, (Evid. 26th) we "affirm that he is neceſſarily a wiſe and intelligent "Being." What then can Lord Bolingbroke mean, when he ſays every thing ſhews the wiſdom of God;

and

and yet adds, every thing does not ſhew in like manner the goodneſs of God conformably to our ideas of this attribute in either! By wiſdom he muſt only mean, that God knows and employs the fitteſt means to a certain end, no matter what that end may be: This indeed is a proof of knowledge and intelligence; but theſe alone do not conſtitute wiſdom; the word implies the application of theſe fitteſt means to the beſt and kindeſt end: Or, who will call it true wiſdom? Even amongſt ourſelves, it is not held as ſuch. All the attributes then that he ſeems to think apparent in the conſtitution of things, are his unity, infinity, eternity, and intelligence; from no one of which, I boldly affirm, can reſult any duty of gratitude or adoration incumbent on mankind, more than if He and all things round him were produced, as ſome have dared to think, by the neceſſary working of eternal matter in an infinite vacuum: For what does it avail to add intelligence to thoſe other phyſical attributes, unleſs that intelligence be directed, not only to the good of the whole, but alſo to the good of every individual of which that whole is compoſed.

It is therefore no impiety, but the direct contrary, to ſay that human juſtice and the other virtues, which

are

are indeed only various applications of human benevolence, bear ſome reſemblance to the moral attributes of the ſupreme Being: It is only by means of that reſemblance, we conceive them in him, or their effects in his works: It is by the ſame means only, that we comprehend thoſe phyſical attributes which his Lordſhip allows to be demonſtrable: How can we form any notion of his unity, but from that unity of which we ourſelves are conſcious? How of his exiſtence, but from our own conſciouſneſs of exiſting? How of his power, but of that power which we experience in ourſelves? yet neither Lord Bolingbroke nor any other man, that thought on theſe ſubjects, ever believed that theſe our ideas were real and full repreſentations of theſe attributes in the Divinity. They ſay he knows; they do not mean that he compares ideas which he acquired from ſenſation, and draws concluſions from them. They ſay he acts; they do not mean by impulſe, nor as the ſoul acts on an organized body. They ſay he is omnipotent and eternal; yet on what are their ideas founded, but on our own narrow conceptions of ſpace and duration, prolonged beyond the bounds of place and time? Either therefore there is a reſemblance and analogy (however imperfect and diſtant) between the attributes of the Divinity and our conceptions of them,

or

or we cannot have any conceptions of them at all: He allows we ought to reaſon from earth, that we do know, to heaven which we do not know; how can we do ſo but by that affinity which appears between one and the other?

In vain then does my Lord attempt to ridicule the warm but melancholy imagination of Mr. Wollaſton in that fine ſoliloquy: "Muſt I then bid my laſt farewel "to theſe walks when I cloſe theſe lids, and yonder "blue regions and all this ſcene darken upon me and "go out? Muſt I then only ſerve to furniſh duſt to be "mingled with the aſhes of theſe herds and plants, or "with this dirt under my feet? Have I been ſet ſo far "above them in life, only to be levelled with them in "death *?" No thinking head, no heart, that has the leaſt ſenſibility, but muſt have made the ſame reflection; or at leaſt muſt feel, not the beauty alone, but the truth of it when he hears it from the mouth of another. Now what reply will Lord Bolingbroke make to theſe queſtions which are put to him, not only by Wollaſton, but by all mankind? He will tell you, that we, that is, the animals, vegetables, ſtones, and *other clods*

of

NOTE.

* Religion of Nature delineated, ſect. 9. p. 209, quarto.

of earth, are all connected in one immenſe deſign, that we are all Dramatis Perſonæ, in different characters, and that we were not made for ourſelves, but for the action: that it is fooliſh, preſumptuous, impious, and profane to murmur againſt the Almighty Author of this drama, when we feel ourſelves unavoidably unhappy. On the contrary, we ought to reſt our head on the ſoft pillow of reſignation, on the immoveable rock of tranquillity; ſecure, that, if our pains and afflictions grow violent indeed, an immediate end will be put to our miſerable being, and we ſhall be mingled with the dirt under our feet, a thing common to all the animal kind; and of which he who complains does not ſeem to have been ſet by his reaſon ſo far above them in life, as to deſerve not to be mingled with them in death. Such is the conſolation his philoſophy gives us, and ſuch the hope on which his tranquillity was founded." *

LETTER

NOTE.

* The reader, who would chooſe to ſee the argument, as Lord Bolingbroke puts it, will find it in the 4th volume of his Philoſophical Works, ſect. 40, 41. His ridicule on Wollaſton is in the 50th ſection of the ſame volume.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Sunday, April 9, 1758.

I Am equally ſenſible of your affliction *, and of your kindneſs, that made you think of me at ſuch a moment; would to God I could leſſen the one, or requite the other with that conſolation which I have often received from you when I moſt wanted it! but your grief is too juſt, and the cauſe of it too freſh, to admit of any ſuch endeavour: What, indeed, is all human conſolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us, that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future ſatisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only becauſe we have loſt them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition, is to reflect (when time has given us leiſure for reflection) that others have ſuffered worſe; or that we ourſelves might have ſuffered the ſame misfortune at times and in circumſtances that would

NOTE.

* Occaſioned by the death of his eldeſt (and at the time his only) ſon.

would probably have aggravated our ſorrow. You might have ſeen this poor child arrived at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more ſtrongly to him by long habit, by eſteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we moſt ſtand in need of ſupport, and when he might chance to have been your *only* ſupport; and then by ſome unforeſeen and deplorable accident, or ſome painful lingering diſtemper, you might have loſt him. Such has been the fate of many an unhappy father! I know there is a ſort of tenderneſs which infancy and innocence alone produce; but I think you muſt own the other to be a ſtronger and a more overwhelming ſorrow. Let me then beſeech you to try, by every method of avocation and amuſement, whether you cannot, by degrees, get the better of that dejection of ſpirits, which inclines you to ſee every thing in the worſt light poſſible, and throws a ſort of voluntary gloom, not only over your preſent, but future days; as if even your ſituation now were not preferable to that of thouſands round you; and as if your proſpect hereafter might not open as much of happineſs to you as to any perſon you know: the condition of our life perpetually inſtructs us to be rather ſlow to hope, as well as to deſpair; and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little

too

too haſty in both, perhaps from conſtitution; it is ſure we have great power over our own minds, when we chooſe to exert it; and though it be difficult to reſiſt the mechanic impulſe and bias of our own temper, it is yet poſſible, and ſtill more ſo to delay thoſe reſolutions it inclines us to take, which we almoſt always have cauſe to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton's or your own ſtate of health: I will not talk to you more upon this ſubject till I hear you are both well; for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any thing I can do *, could at all alleviate the juſt concern your loſs has given you; but I cannot flatter myſelf ſo far, and know how little qualified I am at preſent to give any ſatisfaction to myſelf on this head, and in this way, much leſs to you. I by no means pretend to inſpiration; but yet I affirm, that the faculty, in queſtion, is by no means voluntary; it is the reſult (I ſuppoſe) of a certain diſpoſition of mind, which does not depend on one's ſelf, and which I have not felt this long time.

You

NOTE.

* His friend had requeſted him to write an Epitaph on the child.

You that are a witneſs how ſeldom this ſpirit has moved me in my life, may eaſily give credit to what I ſay.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. PALGRAVE. *

Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.

I Do not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice near me to ſend you; they do not grow in the ſouth: but only ſay the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick with ſaſh windows, or a grotto made of flints and ſhell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, ſtuck with honey-ſuckles round a baſon of gold-fiſhes, and you ſhall be ſatisfied; they ſhall come by the Edinburgh coach.

In the mean time I congratulate you on your new acquaintance with the *ſavage*, the *rude*, and the *tremendous*.

NOTE.

* Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeſton in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.

dous. Pray, tell me, is it any thing like what you had read in your book, or ſeen in two-ſhilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the wiſer (I had almoſt ſaid the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than moſt people ſeem to think, if you will but furniſh the apartments? I almoſt envy your laſt month, being in a very inſipid ſituation myſelf; and deſire you would not fail to ſend me ſome furniture for my Gothick apartment, which is very cold at preſent. It will be the eaſier taſk, as you have nothing to do but tranſcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not truſted every thing to memory, which is ten times worſe than a lead-pencil: Half a word fixed upon or near the ſpot, is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we truſt to the picture that objects draw of themſelves on our mind, we deceive ourſelves; without accurate and particular obſervation, it is but ill-drawn at firſt, the outlines are ſoon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at laſt, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to ſupply its defects with a few ſtrokes of our own imagination *. God forgive

NOTE.

* Had this letter nothing elſe to recommend it, the advice here given to the curious traveller of making all his memo-

randa

forgive me, I ſuppoſe I have done ſo myſelf before now, and miſled many a good body that put their truſt in me. Pray, tell me, (but with permiſſion, and without any breach of hoſpitality) is it ſo much warmer on the other ſide of the Swale (as ſome people of honour ſay) than it is here? Has the ſinging of birds, the bleating of ſheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Rainton? Did the vaſt old oaks and thick groves in Northumberland keep off the ſun too much from you? I am too civil to extend my enquiries beyond Berwick. Every thing, doubtleſs, muſt improve upon you as you advanced northward. You muſt tell me, tho', about Melroſs, Roſslin Chapel, and Arbroath. In ſhort, your Port-feuille muſt be ſo full, that I only deſire a looſe chapter or two, and will wait for the reſt till it comes out.

LETTER

NOTE.

randa *on the ſpot*, and the reaſons for it are ſo well expreſſed, and withal ſo important, that they certainly deſerve our notice.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Stoke, Nov. 9, 1758.

I Should have told you that Caradoc came ſafe to hand †; but my critical faculties have been ſo taken up in dividing *nothing* with an old woman *, that they are not yet compoſed enough for a better and more tranquil employment: ſhortly, however, I will make them obey me. But am I to ſend this copy to Mr. Hurd, or return it to you? Methinks I do not love this travelling to and again of manuſcripts by the poſt. While I am writing, your ſecond packet is juſt arrived. I can only tell you in groſs, that there ſeem to me certain paſſages altered which might as well have been let alone; and that I ſhall not be eaſily reconciled to Mador's own ſong ‡. I muſt not have my fancy raiſed to

NOTES.

† A ſecond manuſcript of Caractacus with the Odes inſerted.

* Mrs. Rogers died about this time, and left Mr. Gray and Mrs. Olliffe, another of his aunts, her joint executors.

‡ He means here the ſecond Ode, which was afterwards greatly altered.

that agreeable pitch of heatheniſm and wild magical enthuſiaſm, and then have you let me drop into moral philoſophy and cold good ſenſe. I remember you inſulted me when I ſaw you laſt, and affected to call that which delighted my imagination, *nonſenſe:* Now I inſiſt that ſenſe is nothing in poetry, but according to the dreſs ſhe wears, and the ſcene ſhe appears in. If you ſhould lead me into a ſuperb Gothic building with a thouſand cluſtered pillars, each of them half a mile high, the walls all covered with fretwork, and the windows full of red and blue ſaints that had neither head nor tail; and I ſhould find the Venus of Medici in perſon, perked up in a long niche over the high altar, do you think it would raiſe or damp my devotions? I ſay that Mador muſt be entirely a Briton; and that his preeminence among his companions muſt be ſhewn by ſuperior wildneſs, more barbaric fancy, and a more ſtriking and deeper harmony both of words and numbers: if Britiſh antiquity be too narrow, this is the place for invention; and if it be pure invention, ſo much the clearer muſt the expreſſion be, and ſo much the ſtronger and richer the imagery. There's for you now!

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. PALGRAVE.

London, July 24, 1759.

I Am now ſettled in my new territories commanding Bedford gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampſtead, with ſuch a concourſe of moving pictures as would aſtoniſh you; ſo *rus-in-urbe-iſh*, that I believe I ſhall ſtay here, except little excurſions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am ſeparated from the faſhionable world by broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and ſunſhine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I ſhall confeſs that I am baſking with heat all the ſummer, and I ſuppoſe ſhall be blown down all the winter, beſides being robbed every night; I truſt, however, that the Muſæum, with all its manuſcripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforeſaid inconveniencies.

I this day paſt through the jaws of a great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, ſuperintendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himſelf on the ſight

of ſo much good company. We were, firſt, a man that writes for Lord Royſton; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock; for he ſpeaks the worſt Engliſh I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himſelf, the very worſt perſon he could write for; and, laſtly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing, and that not without ſome difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have ſold only four-ſcore; that they have 900 l. a year income, and ſpend 1300, and are building apartments for the under-keepers; ſo I expect in winter to ſee the collection adverti-ſed and ſet to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his Hiſtory? Do you remember Mr. * *'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: Surely the groſſeſt taſte is better than ſuch a ſort of delicacy.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

London, June 22, 1760.

I Am not ſorry to hear you are exceeding buſy, except as it has deprived me of the pleaſure I ſhould have in hearing often from you; and as it has been occaſioned by a little vexation and diſappointment. To find one's ſelf buſineſs, I am perſuaded, is the great art of life; I am never ſo angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wiſhing they had been bred to ſome poking profeſſion, or employed in ſome office of drudgery, as if it were pleaſanter to be at the command of other people than at one's own; and as if they could not go unleſs they were wound up: yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that ſome ſpirit, ſomething of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himſelf: I ſay a man; for women, commonly ſpeaking, never feel this diſtemper, they have always ſomething to do; time hangs not on their hands (unleſs they be fine Ladies); a variety of ſmall inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

As

As to myſelf, I have again found reſt for the ſole of my gouty foot in your old dining-room *, and hope that you will find at leaſt an equal ſatisfaction at Old-Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven, I ſhall ſee no occaſion to pity you, and only wiſh you may brew no worſe than I bake.

You totally miſtake my talents, when you impute to me any magical ſkill in planting roſes: I know I am no conjurer in theſe things; when they are done I can find fault, and that is all. Now this is the very reverſe of genius, and I feel my own littleneſs. Reaſonable people know themſelves better than is commonly imagined; and therefore (though I never ſaw any inſtance of it) I believe Maſon when he tells me that he underſtands theſe things. The prophetic eye of taſte (as Mr. Pitt called it) ſees all the beauties, that a place is ſuſceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a ſeedling, already ſits under the ſhadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in

NOTE.

* The houſe in Southampton-Row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before, and was removed to his paternal eſtate at Old-Park, near Durham.

in proſpect. You muſt therefore invoke Caractacus, and he will ſend his ſpirits from the top of Snowdon to Croſs-fell or Warden-law.

I am much obliged to you for your antique news. Froiſſard is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipped here and there); and it is ſtrange to me that people, who would give thouſands for a dozen portraits (originals of that time) to furniſh a gallery, ſhould never caſt an eye on ſo many moving pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their anceſtors, done on the ſpot, and in ſtrong, though ſimple colours. In the ſucceeding century Froiſſard, I find, was read with great ſatisfaction by every body that could read; and on the ſame footing with King Arthur, Sir Triſtram, and Archbiſhop Turpin: not becauſe they thought him a fabulous writer, but becauſe they took them all for true and authentic hiſtorians; to ſo little purpoſe was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth. Pray, are you come to the four Iriſh Kings that went to ſchool to King Richard the Second's Maſter of the Ceremonies, and the man who informed Froiſſard of all he had ſeen in St. Patrick's Purgatory?

The

The town are reading the King of Pruſſia's Poetry (*Le Philoſophe ſans Souci*), and I have done like the town; they do not ſeem ſo ſick of it as I am: It is all the ſcum of Voltaire and Lord Bolingbroke, the Crambe-recocta of our worſt Freethinkers, toſſed up in German-French rhyme. Triſtram Shandy is ſtill a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book; one is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight before: As to the volumes yet publiſhed, there is much good fun in them, and humour ſometimes hit and ſometimes miſſed. Have you read his ſermons, with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the ſtyle I think moſt proper for the pulpit *, and ſhew a ſtrong imagination and a ſenſible heart; but you ſee him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.

LETTER

NOTE.

* Our author was of opinion, that it was the buſineſs of the Preacher rather to perſuade by the power of eloquence to the practice of known duties, than to reaſon with the art of logic on points of controverted doctrine: Hence, therefore, he thought that ſometimes imagination might not be out of its place in a ſermon. But let him ſpeak for himſelf in an extract from one of his letters to me in the following year:

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. STONHEWER.

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the ſucceſs it deſerves *. It was the beſt and moſt natural method of cure, and ſuch as could not have been adminiſtered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what muſt give you ſo much ſatisfaction.

I

NOTES.

year: "Your quotation from Jeremy Taylor is a fine one. "I have long thought of reading him; for I am perſuaded "that chopping logic in the pulpit, as our divines have "done ever ſince the revolution, is not the thing; but that "imagination and warmth of expreſſion, are in their place "there, as much as on the ſtage; moderated, however, "and chaſtiſed a little by the purity and ſeverity of reli-"gion."

* Mr. Stonhewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the Biſhoprick of Durham, attending on his ſick father, rector of that pariſh.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert *, and (like you) am totally diſappointed in his Elements. I could only taſte a little of the firſt courſe: it was dry as a ſtick, hard as a ſtone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rouſſeau is like himſelf; and the Diſcourſes on Elocution, and on the Liberty of Muſic, are divine. He has added to his tranſlations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though that Author's manner more nearly reſembles the beſt French Writers of the preſent age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet † with a third ſpecimen, inferior in kind, (becauſe it is merely deſcription)

NOTES.

* Two ſubſequent volumes of his "Melanges de Litera-" ture & Philoſophie."

† Of the fragments of Erſe Poetry, many of which Mr. Gray ſaw in manuſcript before they were publiſhed. In a letter to Dr. Wharton, written in the following month, he thus expreſſes himſelf on the ſame ſubject: "If you have " ſeen Mr. Stonhewer, he has probably told you of my old " Scotch (or rather Iriſh) Poetry, I am gone mad about " them; they are ſaid to be tranſlations (literal and in proſe) " from

ſcription) but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five Bards paſs the night at the Caſtle of a Chief (himſelf a principal Bard); each goes out in his turn

NOTE.

" from the Erſe tongue, done by one Macpherſon, a young " clergyman in the Highlands: He means to publiſh a col- " lection he has of theſe ſpecimens of antiquity, if it be an- " tiquity; but what perplexes me is, I cannot come at any " certainty on that head. I was ſo ſtruck with their beauty, " that I writ into Scotland to make a thouſand enquiries; " the letters I have in return, are ill wrote, ill reaſoned, " unſatisfactory, calculated (one would imagine) to deceive, " and yet not cunning enough to do it cleverly. In ſhort, " the whole external evidence would make one believe theſe " fragments counterfeit; but the internal is ſo ſtrong on the " other ſide, that I am reſolved to believe them genuine, " ſpite of the Devil and the Kirk: it is impoſſible to con- " ceive that they were written by the ſame man that writes " me theſe letters; on the other hand, it is almoſt as hard " to ſuppoſe (if they are original) that he ſhould be able to " tranſlate them ſo admirably. In ſhort, this man is the " very dæmon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treaſure " hid for ages. The Welch Poets are alſo coming to light; " I have ſeen a diſcourſe in manuſcript about them, by one " Mr. Evans, a clergyman, with ſpecimens of their writing, " this is in Latin; and though it does not approach the " other, there are fine ſcraps among it."

turn to obſerve the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has ſeen (it is an October night, the harveſt-month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddeſt thing is, that every one of them ſees Ghoſts (more or leſs). The idea, that ſtruck and ſurprized me moſt, is the following. One of them (deſcribing a ſtorm of wind and rain) ſays

> Ghoſts ride on the tempeſt to-night:
> Sweet is their voice between the guſts of wind;
> *Their ſongs are of other worlds!*

Did you never obſerve *(while rocking winds are piping loud)* that pauſe, as the guſt is recollecting itſelf, and riſing upon the ear in a ſhrill and plaintive note, like the ſwell of an Æolian harp? I do aſſure you there is nothing in the world ſo like the voice of a ſpirit. Thomſon had an ear ſometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has deſcribed it glorioufly, but given it another different turn, and of more horrour. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his Winter. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It deſcribes the breaking of the clouds after the ſtorm, before it is ſettled

ſettled into a calm, and when the moon is ſeen by ſhort intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And laſh the rocky ſides.
The boat is brim-full in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad ſits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling ſtream:
Her Lover promiſed to come,
She ſaw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are theſe his groans in the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the ſhore? *

LETTER

N O T E.

* The whole of this deſcriptive piece has been ſince publiſhed in a note to a Poem, entitled CROMA, (ſee Oſſian's Poems, vol. 1ſt, p. 350, 8vo.) It is ſomewhat remarkable that the manuſcript, in the tranſlator's own hand, which I have in my poſſeſſion, varies conſiderably from the printed copy. Some images are omitted, and others added. I will mention one which is not in the manuſcript, *the ſpirit of the mountain ſhrieks.* In the tragedy of Douglas, publiſhed at leaſt three years before, I always admired this fine line, *the angry ſpirit of the water ſhriek'd.*—Quere, Did Mr. Home take this ſublime image from Oſſian, or has the tranſlator of Oſſian ſince borrowed it from Mr. Home?

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. CLARKE. *

Pembroke-Hall, Auguſt 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your ſea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my reſting-place, and find it very neceſſary, after living for a month in a houſe with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the ſulkineſs of my diſpoſition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing ſomething*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my ſpirits, eſpecially in a ſituation where one might ſit ſtill, and be alone with pleaſure; for the place was a hill † like Clifden, opening to a very extenſive and diverſified landſcape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I

NOTES.

* Phyſician at Epſom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.

† Near Henley.

I would wiſh to continue here (in a very different ſcene, it muſt be confeſſed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I muſt come to town much ſooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is no body in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without Inhabitants. It is they, I aſſure you, that get it an ill name and ſpoil all. Our friend Dr. * * † (one of its nuiſances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackarel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a Turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company beſides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this ſixth fiſh he never held up his head more, and a violent looſeneſs carried him off.—They ſay he made a very good end.

Have you ſeen the Erſe Fragments ſince they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I ſtill incline (againſt every body's opinion) to believe them old. Thoſe you have already ſeen are the beſt; though there are ſome others that are excellent too.

LETTER

NOTE.

† Vide Letter XI. of this Section (Vol. III).

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Cambridge, Auguſt 20, 1760.

I Have ſent Muſæus * back as you deſired me; ſcratched here and there. And with it alſo a bloody Satire †, written againſt no leſs perſons than *you and I* by name. I concluded at firſt it was Mr. * * *, becauſe he is your friend and my humble ſervant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite Minions of Taſte and of Faſhion, eſpecially as to Odes. For to them his ridicule is confined; ſo it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to Lady Bath, author of the Connoiſſeur, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me

NOTES.

* I had deſired Mr. Gray to reviſe my Monody on Mr. Pope's Death, in order that I might correct it for the edition I was then preparing of my Poems.

† The Parodies in queſtion, entitled Odes to Obſcurity and Oblivion, were written by Meſſ. Lloyd and Colman, and have been reprinted ſince in Mr. Lloyd's Poems.

me where I underſtand him (which is not every where); but ſeems more angry with you. Leſt people ſhould not underſtand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they muſt have our Lyriciſms at their finger ends) letters come out in Lloyd's Evening-Poſt to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and ſays it is like to produce a great combuſtion in the Literary World. So if you have any mind to *combuſtle* about it well and good; for me, I am neither ſo literary nor ſo combuſtible *. The Monthly Review, I ſee, juſt now has much ſtuff about us on this occaſion. It ſays one of us at leaſt has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to gueſs which of us that is; I think I know. You ſimpleton you! you muſt be meek, muſt you? and ſee what you get by it.

I do not like your improvements at Aſton, it looks ſo like ſettling; if I come I will ſet fire to it. I will

NOTE.

* Had Mr. Pope diſregarded the ſarcaſms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipſe his poetical fame, as much as Mr. Gray here appears to have done, the world would not have been poſſeſſed of a Dunciad; but it would have been impreſſed with a more amiable idea of its Author's temper. It is for the ſake of ſhewing how Mr. Gray felt on ſuch occaſions, that I publiſh this letter.

never believe the B * *s and the C * *s are dead, tho' I ſmelt them; that ſort of people always live to a good old age. I dare ſwear they are only gone to Ireland, and we ſhall ſoon hear they are Biſhops.

The Erſe Fragments have been publiſhed five weeks ago in Scotland, though I had them not (by a miſtake) till the other day. As you tell me new things do not reach you ſoon at Aſton, I incloſe what I can; the reſt ſhall follow, when you tell me whether you have not got the pamphlet already. I ſend the two to Mr. Wood which I had before, becauſe he has not *the affectation of not admiring* *. I have another from Mr. Macpherſon, which he has not printed; it is mere deſcription, but excellent too in its kind. If you are good and will learn to admire, I will tranſcribe and ſend it.

As to their authenticity, I have made many enquiries, and have lately procured a letter from Mr. David Hume,

NOTE.

* It was rather a want of credulity than admiration that Mr. Gray ſhould have laid to my charge. I ſuſpected that, whether the Fragments were genuine or not, they were by no means literally tranſlated. I ſuſpect ſo ſtill; and a former note gives a ſufficient cauſe for that ſuſpicion. See p. 61.

Hume, (the hiſtorian) which is more ſatisfactory than any thing I have yet met with on that ſubject. He ſays,

" Certain it is that theſe poems are in every body's " mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down " from Father to Son, and are of an age beyond all " memory and tradition. Adam Smith, the celebrated " Profeſſor in Glaſgow, told me, that the Piper of the " Argyleſhire Militia repeated to him all thoſe which " Mr. Macpherſon had tranſlated, and many more of " equal beauty. Major Mackay (Lord Rae's brother) " told me that he remembers them perfectly well; as " likewiſe did the Laird of Macfarline, (the greateſt " Antiquarian we have in this country) and who inſiſts " ſtrongly on the hiſtorical truth, as well as the poeti- " cal beauty of theſe productions. I could add the " Laird and Lady Macleod, with many more, that live " in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from " each other, and could only be acquainted with what " had become (in a manner) national works *. There

 " is

NOTE.

* All this external evidence and much more has ſince been collected and publiſhed by Dr. Blair (ſee his Appendix to his Critical Diſſertation on the Works of Oſſian); and yet notwithſtanding

" is a country Surgeon in Lochaber, who has by heart " the entire Epic Poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherſon " in his preface; and, as he is old, is perhaps the only " perſon living that knows it all, and has never com- " mitted it to writing, we are in the more haſte to re- " cover a monument, which will certainly be regarded " as a curioſity in the Republic of Letters: we have " therefore ſet about a ſubſcription of a guinea or two " guineas apiece, in order to enable Mr. Macpherſon to " undertake a miſſion into the Highlands to recover this " poem, and other fragments of antiquity." He adds too,

NOTE.

withſtanding a later Iriſh writer has been hardy enough to aſſert, that the Poems in queſtion abound with the ſtrangeſt anachroniſms: for inſtance, that Cucullin lived in the firſt, and Fingal in the third century; two princes who are ſaid to have made war with the Danes, a nation never heard of in Europe till the ninth; which war could not poſſibly have happened till 500 years after the death of the ſuppoſed Poet who ſings it. (See O'Halloran's Introduction to the Study of the Hiſtory and Antiquities of Ireland, quarto, 1772.) To whatever ſide of the queſtion truth may lean, it is of little moment to me; my doubts ariſing (as I have ſaid in the former note) from internal evidence only, and a want of proof of the fidelity of the tranſlation.

too, that the names of Fingal, Oſſian, Oſcar, &c. are ſtill given in the Highlands to large Maſtiffs, as we give to ours the names of Cæſar, Pompey, Hector, &c.

LETTER XL.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

London, 1761.

I Rejoice to find that you not only grow reconciled to your northern ſcene, but diſcover beauties round you that once were deformities: I am perſuaded the whole matter is to have always ſomething going forward. Happy they that can create a roſe-tree, or erect a honey-ſuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or ſee a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water: It is with a ſentiment of envy I ſpeak it, who never ſhall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a ſtrawberry but in Covent-Garden. I will not, however, believe in the *vocality* of Old-Park till next ſummer, when perhaps I may truſt to my own ears.

The Nouvelle Heloiſe cruelly diſappointed me, but it has its partiſans, amongſt which are Maſon and Mr. Hurd;

Hurd; for me, I admire nothing but Fingal * (I conclude you have ſeen it, if not Stonhewer can lend it you); yet I remain ſtill in doubt about the authenticity of theſe poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in ſpite of the world; whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either caſe is to me alike unaccountable; *je m'y perd.*

I ſend you a Swediſh and Engliſh Calendar †; the firſt column is by Berger, a diſciple of Linnæus; the ſecond by Mr. Stillingfleet; the third (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to obſerve, as you tend your plantations

NOTES.

* In a letter to another friend, informing him that he had ſent Fingal down to him, he ſays, "For my part I will ſtick "to my credulity, and if I am cheated, think it is worſe for "him (the tranſlator) than for me. The Epic Poem is "fooliſhly ſo called, yet there is a ſort of plan and unity in "it very ſtrange for a barbarous age; yet what I more ad-"mire are ſome of the detached pieces——the reſt I leave "to the diſcuſſion of antiquarians and hiſtorians; yet my "curioſity is much intereſted in their deciſion." No man ſurely ever took more pains with himſelf to believe any thing than Mr. Gray ſeems to have done on this occaſion.

† See Stillingfleet's Tracts, p. 261.

plantations and take your walks, how the ſpring advances in the north, and whether Old-Park moſt reſembles Upſal or Stratton. The latter has on one ſide a barren black heath, on the other a light ſandy loam, all the country about it is a dead flat; you ſee it is neceſſary you ſhould know the ſituation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place;) and this is the deſcription Mr. Stillingfleet gives of his friend Mr. Marſham's ſeat, to which he retires in the ſummer and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this Philoſopher, who lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may ſupport ſome near relations who depend upon him; he is always employed, conſequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always chearful, and ſeems to me a very worthy honeſt man: his preſent ſcheme is to ſend ſome perſons properly qualified to reſide a year or two in Attica, to make themſelves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural hiſtory of the country, that we may underſtand Ariſtotle, Theophraſtus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for ſo many ages; and this he has got propoſed to Lord Bute, no unlikely perſon to put it into execution, as he is himſelf a botaniſt.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

London, Jan. 22, 1761.

I Cannot pity you; *au contraire*, I wiſh I had been at Aſton, when I was fooliſh enough to go through the ſix volumes of the *Nouvelle Héloïſe*. All I can ſay for myſelf is, that I was confined for three weeks at home by a ſevere cold, and had nothing better to do: There is no one event in it that might not happen any day of the week (ſeparately taken) in any private family; yet theſe events are ſo put together, that the ſeries of them is more abſurd and more improbable than Amadis de Gaul. The dramatis perſonæ (as the author ſays) are all of them good characters; I am ſorry to hear it: for had they been all hanged at the end of the third volume, no body (I believe) would have cared. In ſhort, I went on and on, in hopes of finding ſome wonderful *denouement* that would ſet all right, and bring ſomething like nature and intereſt out of abſurdity and inſipidity: no ſuch thing, it grows worſe and worſe; and (if it be Rouſſeau's, which is not doubted) is the ſtrongeſt inſtance I ever ſaw, that a very extraordinary man

man may entirely miſtake his own talents. By the motto and preface, it appears to be his own ſtory, or ſomething ſimilar to it. *

The Opera-Houſe is crowded this year like any ordinary Theatre. Eliſi is finer than any thing that has been here in your memory: yet, as I ſuſpect, has been finer than he is: he appears to be near forty, a little pot-bellied and thick-ſhouldered, otherwiſe no bad figure; his action proper, and not ungraceful. We have heard nothing, ſince I remember Operas, but eternal paſſages, diviſions, and flights of execution: of theſe he has abſolutely none; whether merely from judgment, or a little from age, I will not affirm; his point is expreſſion, and to that all the graces and ornaments he inſerts (which are few and ſhort) are evidently directed: He goes higher (they ſay) than Farinelli; but then

NOTE.

* If it be conſidered that Mr. Gray always preferred expreſſion and ſentiment to the arrangement of a ſtory, it may ſeem ſomewhat extraordinary that the many ſtriking beauties of theſe kinds, with which this ſingular work abounds, were not excepted from ſo general a cenſure; for my own part (to uſe a phraſe of his own) "they ſtrike me blind" to all the defects which he has here enumerated.

then this celeſtial note you do not hear above once in a whole Opera; and he falls from this altitude at once to the melloweſt, ſofteſt, ſtrongeſt tones (about the middle of his compaſs) that can be heard. The Mattei, I aſſure you, is much improved by his example, and by her great ſucceſs this winter; but then the burlettas, and the Paganina, I have not been ſo pleaſed with any thing theſe many years: She too is fat, and above forty, yet handſome withal, and has a face that ſpeaks the language of all nations: She has not the invention, the fire, and the variety of action that the Spiletta had; yet ſhe is light, agile, ever in motion, and above all graceful; but then her voice, her ear, her taſte in ſinging: Good God——as Mr. Richardſon the painter ſays. Pray, aſk Lord *; for I think I have ſeen him there once or twice, as much pleaſed as I was.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Auguſt, 1761.

BE aſſured your York Canon never will die; ſo the better the thing is in value, the worſe for you *. The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's ſucceſſor: Age and Diſeaſes vaniſh at your name; Fevers turn to radical heat, and Fiſtulas to iſſues: it is a judgment that waits on your inſatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his eaſe, when he was about it; and all his family (I ſuppoſe) are curſing you for it.

I wrote to Lord **** on his recovery; and he anſwers me very chearfully, as if his illneſs had been but ſlight, and the pleuriſy were no more than a hole in one's ſtocking. He got it (he ſays) not by ſcampering, racketing, and riding poſt, as I had ſuppoſed; but by going

NOTE.

* This was written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, I expected to be made a Reſidentiary in his Cathedral.

going with Ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray ſo tell him, if you ſee him) of an old Alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land, (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and veniſon) and loſing his great toe with a mortification, ſaid to the laſt, that he owed it to two grapes, which he eat one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his ſtomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I gueſs, at your inſtigation) has earneſtly deſired me to write ſome lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Belliſle *. It is a taſk I do not love, knowing Sir William Williams ſo ſlightly as I did: but he is ſo friendly a perſon, and his affliction ſeemed to me ſo real, that I could not refuſe him. I have ſent him the following verſes, which I neither like myſelf, nor will he, I doubt: however, I have ſhewed him that I wiſhed to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

LETTER

NOTE.

* See p. 73 of the Poems.

LETTER XLIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1762.

I Feel very ungrateful every day that I continue ſilent; and yet now that I take my pen in hand I have only time to tell you, that of all the places which I ſaw in my return from you, Hardwicke pleaſed me the moſt *. One would think that Mary, Queen of Scots, was but juſt walked down into the park with her guard for half an hour; her gallery, her room of audience, her anti-chamber, with the very canopies, chair of ſtate, foot-ſtool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, and hangings, juſt as ſhe left them: a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable; and all preſerved with religious care, and papered up in winter.

When I arrived in London I found Profeſſor Turner † had been dead above a fortnight; and being cocker-

ed

NOTES.

* A ſeat of the Duke of Devonſhire, in Derbyſhire.

† Profeſſor of Modern Languages in the Univerſity of Cambridge.

ed and ſpirited up by ſome friends (though it was rather the lateſt) I got my name ſuggeſted to Lord Bute. You may eaſily imagine who undertook it, and indeed he did it with zeal *. I received my anſwer very ſoon, which was what you may eaſily imagine, but joined with great profeſſions of his deſire to ſerve me on future occaſions, and many more fine words that I paſs over, not out of modeſty, but for another reaſon: ſo you ſee I have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead. This nothing is a profound ſecret, and no one here ſuſpects it even now. To-day I hear Mr. E. Delaval † has got it, but we are not yet certain; next to myſelf I wiſhed for him.

You ſee we have made a peace. I ſhall be ſilent about it, becauſe if I ſay any thing anti-miniſterial, you will tell me you know the reaſon; and if I approve it, you will think I have my expectations ſtill. All I know

NOTES.

* This perſon was the late Sir Henry Erſkine. As this was the only application Mr. Gray ever made to miniſtry, I thought it neceſſary to inſert his own account of it. The place in queſtion was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

† Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, and of the Royal Society.

know is, that the Duke of Newcaſtle and Lord Hardwick both ſay it is an excellent peace, and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and inſidious.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

February 8, 1763.

DOctiſſime Domine, anne tibi arrident *complimenta* ?* If ſo, I hope your vanity is tickled with the *verghe d'oro* of Count Algarotti, and the intended tranſlation

NOTE.

* William Taylor Howe, Eſq; of Stondon Place, near Chipping-Ongar, in Eſſex, an honorary Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was now on his travels in Italy, where he had made an acquaintance with the celebrated Count Algarotti, and had recommended to him Mr. Gray's Poems and my Dramas. After the peruſal he received a Letter from the Count, written in that ſtyle of ſuperlative panegyric peculiar to Italians. A copy of this letter Mr. Howe had juſt now ſent to our common friend Mr. Brown, then Preſident of the College; and alſo another of the Count's, addreſſed to Sig^r. Paradiſi, a Tuſcan Poet; in which, after explaining the arguments

tranſlation of Sig^r. Agoſtino Paradiſi: for my part, I am raviſhed (for I too have my ſhare). Are you upon the road to ſee all theſe wonders, and ſnuff up the incenſe of Piſa; or has Mr. Brown abated your ardour by ſending you the originals? I am waiting with impatience for your coming.

I am obliged to you for your Drawing and very *learned* diſſertation annexed *. You have made out your

NOTE.

guments of my two Dramatic Poems, he adviſes him to tranſlate them; but principally Caractacus.—This anecdote not only explains the above paragraph, but the ſubſequent Letter. The Latin, at the beginning of the letter, alludes to a ſimilar expreſſion which a Fellow of a College had made uſe of to a foreigner who dined in the College Hall. Having occaſion to aſk him if he would eat any cabbage to his boiled beef, he ſaid "anne tibi arrident Herbæ?"

* This relates to the ruin of a ſmall Gothic chapel near the north-weſt end of the cathedral at York, not noticed by Drake in his Eboracum. When Mr. Gray made me a viſit at that place the ſummer before, he was much ſtruck with the beautiful proportion of the windows in it, which induced me to get Mr. Paul Sandby to make a drawing of it; and alſo to endeavour, in a Letter to Mr. Gray, to explain to what

your point with a great degree of probability, (for tho' the *nimis adhæſit* might ſtartle one, yet the ſale of the tithes and chapel to Webſter ſeems to ſet all right again) and I do believe the building in queſtion was the chapel of St. Sepulchre. But then, that the ruin now ſtanding was the individual chapel as erected by Archbiſhop Roger, I can by no means think: I found myſelf merely on the ſtyle and taſte of architecture. The vaults under the choir are ſtill in being, and were undoubtedly built by this very Archbiſhop: they are truly Saxon; only that the arches are pointed, though very obtuſely. It is the ſouth tranſept (not the north) that is the oldeſt part of the minſter now above ground: it is ſaid to have been begun by Geffrey Plantagenet, who died about thirty years after Roger, and left it unfiniſhed. His ſucceſſor, Walter Grey, compleated it; ſo we do not exactly know to which of theſe two prelates we are to aſcribe any certain part of it. Grey lived a long time, and was Archbiſhop from 1216 to 1255 (39 Henry III.); and in this reign it was, that the beauty of the Gothic

NOTE.

what foundation it belonged. As his anſwer contains ſome excellent general remarks on Gothic building, I thought proper to publiſh it, though the particular matter which occaſioned them was not of any great conſequence.

architecture began to appear. The chapter-houſe is in all probability his work, and (I ſhould ſuppoſe) built in his latter days; whereas what he did of the ſouth tranſept might be performed ſoon after his acceſſion. It is in the ſecond order of this building, that the round arches appear including a row of pointed ones, (which you mention, and which I alſo obſerved) ſimilar to thoſe in St. Sepulchre's chapel, though far inferior in the proportions and neatneſs of workmanſhip. The ſame thing is repeated in the north tranſept; but this is only an imitation of the other, done for the ſake of regularity; for this part of the building is no older than Archbiſhop Romaine, who came to the ſee in 1285, and died 1295.

All the buildings of Henry the Second's time (under whom Roger lived and died, 1185) are of a clumſy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and awkward ornaments; and this ſtyle continues to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, though with a little improvement, as in the nave of Fountain's abbey, &c. then all at once come in the tall picked arches, the light cluſtered columns, the capitals of curling foliage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profuſion of ſtatues, &c. that conſtitute the good Gothic ſtyle; together

gether with decreaſing and flying buttreſſes, and pinnacles, on the outſide. Nor muſt you conclude any thing from Roger's own tomb, which has (I remember) a wide ſurbaſed arch with ſcalloped ornaments, &c. for this can be no older than the nave itſelf, which was built by Archbiſhop Melton after the year 1315, one hundred and thirty years after Roger's death.

I have compared Helvetius and Elfrida, as you deſired me *, and find thirteen parallel paſſages; five of

 which,

NOTE.

* As the plagiariſm, to which Mr. Gray here alludes, is but little known, and, I think, for its ſingularity, is ſomewhat curious, I ſhall beg the reader's patience while I dilate upon it; though I am aware it will ſtretch this note to an unconſcionable length. M. Helvetius, in the third chapter of his third Eſſay de l'Eſprit, which treats of the Extent of Memory, means to prove that this faculty, in the extreme, is not neceſſary to conſtitute a great Genius. For this purpoſe he examines whether the greatneſs of the very different talents of Locke and of Milton ought to be conſidered as the effect of their poſſeſſing this talent in an extraordinary degree. He then proceeds as follows: "As the laſt example "of the ſmall extent of memory neceſſary to a fine imagi-"nation, I ſhall give in a note *the tranſlation of a piece of*

"*Engliſh*

which, at leaſt, are ſo direct and cloſe as to leave no ſhadow of a doubt, and therefore confirm all the reſt. It is a phænomenon that you will be in the right to inform

NOTE.

" *Engliſh poetry*; which, with the preceding, will, I believe, " prove to thoſe who would decompoſe the works of illuſ- " trious men, that a great genius does not neceſſarily ſup- " poſe a great memory." I now ſet down that note with references to Elfrida underneath it, and I chooſe to give it in the Engliſh tranſlation printed in 1759, that the parallel paſſages may be the more obvious at firſt ſight. " A young " Virgin, awaked and guided by Love, goes before the ap- " pearance of Aurora to a valley, where ſhe waits for the " coming of her Lover, who, at the riſing of the ſun, is to " offer a ſacrifice to the Gods. Her ſoul, in the ſoft ſitua- " tion in which ſhe is placed by the hopes of approaching " happineſs, indulges, while waiting for him, the pleaſure " of contemplating the beauties of Nature, and the riſing " of that luminary that was to bring the object of her ten- " derneſs." She expreſſes herſelf thus:

" *Already the Sun gilds the tops of thoſe antique Oaks, and* " *the waves of thoſe falling torrents that roar among the rocks* " *ſhine with his beams; already I perceive the ſummit of thoſe* " *ſhaggy mountains whence ariſe the vaults which, half-con-* " *cealed in the air, offer a formidable retreat to the Solitary*

" *who*

form yourſelf about, and which I long to underſtand. Another phænomenon is, that I read it without finding it

NOTE.

" *who there retires* [a]. Night folds up her veil, *Ye wanton* " *fires, that miſlead the wandering traveller, retire* [b] to the " quagmires and marſhy fens; and *thou ſun, lord of the hea-* " *vens, who filleſt the air with reviving heat, who ſoweſt with* " *dewy pearls the flowers of theſe meadows, and giveſt colours* " *to the varied beauties of nature, receive my firſt homage* [c], " and

[a] How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient ſun,
Emboſom yon fair manſion!
—— On the ſhaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents roar around;
Where pendent mountains o'er your head
Stretch a formidable ſhade——
Where lull'd in pious Peace the Hermit lies.

[b] Away, ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt——

[c] Hail to thy living light
Ambroſial Morn——
That bids each dewy-ſpangled flow'ret riſe,
And dart around its vermil dies——
Unfolds the ſcene of glory to our eye,
Where, thron'd in artleſs majeſty,
The cherub Beauty ſits on Nature's ruſtic ſhrine.—

it out: all I remember is, that I thought it not at all *Engliſh*, and did not much like it; and the reaſon is plain,

NOTE.

" and haſten thy courſe. Thy appearance proclaims that
" of my lover. *Freed from the pious cares that detain him*
" *ſtill at the foot of the altars, love will ſoon bring him to*
" *mine* [d]. Let all around me partake of my joy. Let all
" bleſs the riſing luminary by which we are enlightened.
" Ye flowers that incloſe in your boſoms the odours that
" cool night condenſes there, open your buds, and exhale
" in the air your balmy vapours. I know not whether the
" delightful intoxication that poſſeſſes my ſoul, does not
" embelliſh whatever I behold; but the rivulet, that in
" pleaſing meanders winds along this valley, enchants me
" with his murmurs. *Zephyrus careſſes me with his breath;*
" *the fragrant plants, preſſed under my feet, waft to my ſenſes*
" *their perfume. Oh! if Felicity ſometimes condeſcends to viſit*
" *the abode of mortals, to theſe places, doubtleſs, ſhe retires* [e].

" But

[d] 'Twill not be long, ere his unbending mind
Shall loſe in ſweet oblivion every care
Among th' embowering ſhades that veil Elfrida.

[e] The ſoft air
Salutes me with moſt cool and temperate breath,
And, as I tread, the flow'r-beſprinkled lawn
Sends up a gale of fragrance. I ſhould gueſs,
If e'er Content deign'd viſit mortal clime,
This was her place of deareſt reſidence.

plain, for the lyric flights and choral flowers ſuited not in the leaſt with the circumſtances or character of the ſpeaker, as he had contrived it. LETTER

NOTE.

" But with what ſecret trouble am I agitated? Already Im-
" patience mingles its poiſon with the ſweetneſs of my ex-
" pectation. This valley has already loſt all its beauties. Is
" Joy then ſo fleeting? *It is as eaſy to ſnatch it from us, as*
" *for the light down of theſe plants to be blown away by the*
" *breath of the Zephyrs* [f]. In vain have I recourſe to flatter-
" ing Hope. Each moment encreaſes my diſturbance. He
" will come no more. Who keeps him at a diſtance from
" me? What duty more ſacred than that of calming the in-
" quietudes of Love! But what do I ſay? *Fly jealous ſuſ-*
" *picions, injurious to his fidelity* [g], and formed to extinguiſh
" my tenderneſs. *If Jealouſy grows by the ſide of Love, it*
" *will ſtifle it, if not pulled up by the roots; it is the Ivy*
" *which, by a verdant chain, embraces, but dries up the trunk*
" *which ſerves for its ſupport* [h]. I know my Lover too well

[f] For Safety now ſits wav'ring on your love, " to
Like the light down upon the thiſtle's beard,
Which ev'ry breeze may part.

[g] Avaunt! ye vain deluſive fears.

[h] See, Elfrida;
Ah ſee! how round yon branching Elm the *Ivy*
Claſps its *green chain*, and poiſons what ſupports it.
Not leſs injurious to the ſhoots of Love
Is ſickly Jealouſy.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BROWN*.

February 17, 1763.

YOU will make my beſt acknowledgments to Mr. Howe; who, not content to rank me in the number of his friends, is ſo polite as to make excuſes for having done me that honour.

I

NOTES.

" to doubt of his tenderneſs. He, like me, has, far from " the pomp of courts, fought the tranquil aſylum of the " fields. Touched by the ſimplicity of my heart, and by " my beauty, my ſenſual rivals call him in vain to their " arms. Shall he be ſeduced by the advances of coquetry, " *which, on the cheek of the young maid, tarniſhes the ſnow of* " *innocence and the carnation of modeſty, and daubs it with the* " *whiteneſs of art and the paint of effrontery* 1? What do I

1 —To guard " ſay 1

Your beauties from the blaſt of courtly gales.
The crimſon bluſh of virgin Modeſty,
The delicate ſoft tints of Innocence,
There all fly off, and leave no boaſt behind
But well-rang'd, faded features.

* Now Maſter of Pembroke-Hall.

I was not born ſo far from the ſun, as to be ignorant of Count Algarotti's name and reputation; nor am I ſo far advanced in years, or in philoſophy, as not to feel

NOTE.

" ſay? his contempt for her is perhaps only a ſnare for me. " Can I be ignorant of the partiality of men, and the arts " they employ to ſeduce us? Nouriſhed in a contempt for " our Sex, it is not Us, it is their pleaſures that they love. " Cruel as they are, they have placed in the rank of the " virtues the barbarous fury of revenge, and the mad love " of their country; but never have they reckoned fidelity " among the virtues. Without remorſe they abuſe inno- " cence, and often their vanity contemplates our griefs with " delight. But no; fly far from me, ye odious thoughts, my " Lover will come! A thouſand times have I experienced " it: *As ſoon as I perceive him my agitated mind is calm, and* " *I often forget the too juſt cauſe I have for complaint; for* " *near him I can only know happineſs* [k]. Yet if he is treache- " rous to me; if, in the very moment when my love ex- " cuſes him, he conſummates the crime of infidelity in ano- " ther boſom, may all nature take up arms in revenge! may " he

[k] —My truant heart
Forgets each leſſon that Reſentment taught,
And in thy ſight knows only to be happy.

In the French it is more literal, " Pres de lui je ne ſcâis " qu' etre heureuſe."

feel the warmth of his approbation. The Odes in queſtion, as their motto ſhews, were meant to be *vocal to the intelligent alone.* How few they were in my own country, Mr. Howe can teſtify; and yet my ambition was terminated by that ſmall circle. I have good reaſon to be proud, if my voice has reached the ear and apprehenſion of a ſtranger, diſtinguiſhed as one of the beſt judges in Europe.

I

NOTE.

" he periſh! What do I ſay? *Ye Elements, be deaf to my cries!* " *Thou Earth, open not thy profound abyſs! let the Monſter* " *walk the time preſcribed him on thy ſplendid ſurface, let him* " *ſtill commit new crimes, and ſtill cauſe the tears of the too* " *credulous maids to flow; and if heaven avenges them and* " *puniſhes him, may it at leaſt be at the prayer of ſome other* " *unfortunate woman* [1]."

[1] Till then, ye Elements, reſt; and thou, firm Earth,
Ope not thy yawning jaws; but let this Monſter
Stalk his due time on thine affrighted ſurface:
Yes, let him ſtill go on, ſtill execute
His ſavage purpoſes, and daily make
More widows weep, as I do.

Here ends this odd inſtance of plagiariſm. When M. Helvetius was in England, a year or two after I had made the diſcovery of it, I took my meaſures (as Mr. Gray adviſed me)

I am equally pleaſed with the juſt applauſe he beſtows on Mr. Maſon; and particularly on his Caractacus, which is the work of a Man: whereas Elfrida is only that of a Boy, a promiſing boy indeed, and of no common genius: yet this is the popular performance, and the other little known in compariſon.

Neither Count Algarotti nor Mr. Howe (I believe) have heard of Oſſian, the Son of Fingal. If Mr. Howe were not upon the wing, and on his way homewards,

NOTE.

me) to learn how he came by it; and accordingly requeſted two Noblemen, to whom he was introduced, to aſk him ſome queſtions concerning it; but I could gain no ſatisfactory anſwer. I do not, however, by any means, ſuppoſe that the perſon who cooked up the disjointed parts of my Drama into this ſtrange Fricaſee, was M. Helvetius himſelf; I rather imagine (as I did from the firſt) that he was impoſed upon by ſome young Engliſh traveller, who contrived this expedient in order to paſs with him for a Poet. The great Philoſopher, it is true, has in this note been proved to be *the receiver of Stolen Goods*; but out of reſpect to his numerous faſhionable diſciples, both abroad and at home, whoſe credit might ſuffer with that of their Maſter, I acquit him of what would only be held criminal at the Old Bailey, that he received theſe goods *knowing them to be ſtolen.*

wards, I would ſend it to him in Italy. He would there ſee that Imagination dwelt many hundred years ago, in all her pomp, on the cold and barren mountains of Scotland. The truth (I believe) is, that, without any reſpect of climates, ſhe reigns in all naſcent ſocieties of men, where the neceſſities of life force every one to think and act much for himſelf *.

LETTER XLVI.

Count ALGAROTTI to Mr. GRAY.

Piſa, 24 Aprile, 1763.

SONO ſtato lungo tempo in dubbio ſe un dilettante quale io ſono, dovea mandare alcune ſue coſerelle a un Profeſſore quale è V. S. Illuſ^mo^, a un arbitro di ogni

NOTE.

* One is led to think from this paragraph that the ſcepticiſm, which Mr. Gray had expreſſed before, concerning theſe works of Oſſian, was now entirely removed. (ſee p. 59.) I know no way of accounting for this (as he had certainly received no ſtronger evidence of their authenticity) but from the turn of his ſtudies at the time. He had of late much buſied himſelf in Antiquities, and conſequently had imbibed too

ogni poetica eleganza. Nè ci volea meno che l'autorità del valoriſſimo Sig^r. How per perſuadermi a ciò fare. V. S. Illmo accolga queſte mie coſerelle con quella medeſima bontà con cui ha voluto accogliere quella lettera che dice pur poco delle tante coſe, che fanno ſentire alle anime armoniche di ammirabili ſuoi verſi. Io ſaro per quanto io porrô, *Præco laudum tuarum*, e quella mia lettera ſi ſtamperà in un nuovo Giornale, che ſi fa in Venezia, intitolato *la Minerva*, perche ſappia la Italia che la Inghilterra, ricca di un * Omero, di uno † Archimede, di un ‡ Demoſtene, non manca del ſuo Pindaro. Al Sig^r. How le non ſaprei dire quanti obblighi io abbia, ma ſi maggiore è certamente quello di avermi preſentato alla ſua Muſa, e di avermi procurato la occaſione di poterla aſſicurare della perfetta ed altiſſima ſtima, con cui io ho l'honore di ſotteſcrivermi,

De V. S. Illuſ^mo

Devotiſ. &c.

ALGAROTTI.

LETTER

NOTES.

too much of the ſpirit of a profeſt Antiquarian; now we know, from a thouſand inſtances, that no ſet of men are more willingly duped than theſe, eſpecially by any thing that comes to them under the faſcinating form of a new diſcovery.

* Milton. † Newton. ‡ Mr. Pitt.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 5, 1763.

YOU may well wonder at my long taciturnity. I wonder too, and know not what cauſe to aſſign; for it is certain I think of you daily. I believe it is owing to the nothingneſs of my hiſtory; for except ſix weeks that I paſſed in Town towards the end of the ſpring, and a little jaunt to Epſom and Box-hill, I have been here time out of mind, in a place where no events grow, tho' we preſerve thoſe of former days, by way of *Hortus ſiccus* in our libraries.

I doubt you have not yet read Rouſſeau's Emile. Every body that has children ſhould read it more than once: for tho' it abounds with his uſual glorious abſurdity, tho' his general ſcheme of education be an impracticable chimera, yet there are a thouſand lights ſtruck out, a thouſand important truths better expreſſed than ever they were before, that may be of ſervice to the wiſeſt men. Particularly I think he has obſerved children with more attention, and knows their meaning and the

the working of their little paſſions better than any other writer. As to his religious diſcuſſions, which have alarmed the world, and engaged their thoughts more than any other part of his book, I ſet them all at nought, and wiſh they had been omitted. *

LETTER

NOTE.

* That I may put together the reſt of Mr. Gray's ſentiments concerning this ſingular writer, I inſert here an extract from a Letter of later date, written to myſelf. "I "have not read the Philoſophic Dictionary. I can now ſtay "with great patience for any thing that comes from Vol- "taire. They tell me it is frippery, and blaſphemy, and "wit. I could have forgiven myſelf if I had not read "Rouſſeau's Lettres de la Montagne. Always excepting "the Contract ſocial, it is the dulleſt performance he ever "publiſhed. It is a weak attempt to ſeparate the miracles "from the morality of the goſpel. The latter (he would "have you think) he believes was ſent from God; and the "former he very explicitly takes for an impoſture: this is "in order to prove the cruelty and injuſtice of the State of "Geneva in burning his Emile. The latter part of his "book is to ſhew the abuſes that have crept into the conſti- "tution of his country, which point (if you are concerned "about it) he makes out very well; and his intention in "this is plainly to raiſe a tumult in the city, and to be "revenged on the *Petit Conſeil*, who condemned his writings "to the flames."

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. PALGRAVE.*

March, 1765.

MY inſtructions, of which you are ſo deſirous, are two-fold: the firſt part relates to what is paſt, and that will be rather diffuſe: the ſecond, to what is to come; and that we ſhall treat more ſuccinctly, and with all due brevity.

Firſt, when you come to Paris you will not fail to viſit the cloiſter of the Chartreuſe, where Le Sueur (in the hiſtory of St. Bruno) has almoſt equalled Raphael. Then your Gothic inclinations will naturally lead you to the Sainte Chapelle built by St. Louis: in the treaſury is preſerved one of the nobleſt gems of the Auguſtan age. When you take a trip into the country, there is a fine old chapel at Vincennes with admirable painted windows; and at Fontainbleau, the remains of Francis the Firſt's magnificence might give you ſome pleaſure.

NOTE.

* Mr. Gray's correſpondent was now making the tour of France and Italy.

pleaſure. In your way to Lyons you will take notice of the view over the Saone, from about Tournus and Macon. Fail not to walk a few miles along the banks of the Rhone, down the river. I would certainly make a little journey to the Grande Chartreuſe, up the mountains: at your return out of Italy this will have little effect. At Turin you will viſit the Capuchins' convent juſt without the city, and the Superga at no great diſtance, for the ſake of the views. At Genoa obſerve the Terreno of the Palace Brignoli, as a model of an apartment elegantly diſpoſed in a hot climate. At Parma you will adore the great Madonna and St. Jerom, once at St. Antonio Abbate, but now (I am told) in the Ducal Palace. In the Madonna della Steccata obſerve the Moſes breaking the tables, a chiaroſcuro figure of the Parmeggiano at too great a height, and ill lighted, but immenſe. At the Capuchins, the great Pietá of Annib. Caracci; in the Villa Ducale, the room painted by Carlo Cignani; and the laſt works of Agoſtino Caracci at Modena *. I know not what remains now,

NOTE.

* When our Author was himſelf in Italy, he ſtudied with much attention the different manners of the old maſters. I find a paper written at the time in which he has ſet down ſeveral ſubjects proper for painting, which he had never ſeen executed,

the flower of the collection is gone to Dreſden. Bologna is too vaſt a ſubject for me to treat: the palaces and churches are open; you have nothing to do but to ſee them all. In coming down the Apennine you will ſee (if the ſun ſhines) all Tuſcany before you. And ſo I have

NOTE.

executed, and has affixed the names of different maſters to each piece, to ſhew which of their pencils he thought would have been moſt proper to treat it. As I doubt not but this paper will be an acceptable preſent to the Reynolds's and Weſt's of the age, I ſhall here inſert it.

"An Altar-Piece.——Guido.

The top, a Heaven; in the middle, at a diſtance, the Padre-Eterno indiſtinctly ſeen, and loſt, as it were, in glory. On either hand, Angels of all degrees in attitudes of adoration and wonder. A little lower, and next the eye, ſupported on the wings of Seraphs, Chriſt (the principal figure) with an air of calm and ſerene majeſty, his hand extended, as commanding the elements to their ſeveral places: near him an Angel of ſuperior rank bearing the golden compaſſes (that Milton deſcribes); beneath the Chaos, like a dark and turbulent ocean, only illumined by the Spirit, who is brooding over it.

A ſmall Picture.——Correggio.

Eve newly created, admiring her own ſhadow in the lake.

The

have brought you to Florence, where to be ſure there is nothing worth ſeeing. Secondly,

1. Vide, quodcunque videndum eſt.
2. Quodcunque ego non vidi, id tu vide.

NOTE.

The famous Venus of this maſter, now in the poſſeſſion of Sir William Hamilton, proves how judiciouſly Mr. Gray fixed upon his pencil for the execution of this charming ſubject. M.

Another.——Domenichino.

Medea in a penſive poſture, with revenge and maternal affection ſtriving in her viſage; her two children at play, ſporting with one another before her. On one ſide a buſt of Jaſon, to which they bear ſome reſemblance.

A Statue.——Michael Angelo.

Agave in the moment ſhe returns to her ſenſes; the head of her Son, fallen on the ground from her hand.

Vide Ovid. Met. lib. iii. l. 701, *&c.* M.

A Picture.——Salvator Roſa.

Æneas and the Sybil ſacrificing to Pluto by torch-light in the wood, the aſſiſtants in a fright. The Day beginning to break, ſo as dimly to ſhow the mouth of the cavern.

Sigiſmonda with the heart of Guiſcardo before her. I have ſeen a ſmall print on this ſubject, where the expreſſion is admirable, ſaid to be graved from a picture of Correggio.

Afterwards,

3. Quodcunque videris, ſcribe & deſcribe; memoriæ ne fide.
4. Scribendo nil admirare; & cum pictor non ſis, verbis omnia depinge.
5. Tritam viatorum compitam calca, & cum poteris, deſere.

6. Eme,

NOTE.

Afterwards, when he had ſeen the original in the poſſeſſion of the late Sir Luke Schaub, he always expreſſed the higheſt admiration of it; tho' we ſee, by his here giving it to Salvator Roſa, he thought the ſubject too horrid to be treated by Correggio; and indeed I believe it is agreed that the capital picture in queſtion is not of his hand. M.

Another.——Albano, or the Parmeggiano.

Iphigenia aſleep by the fountain-ſide, her maids about her; Cymon gazing and laughing.

This ſubject has been often treated; once indeed very curiouſly by Sir Peter Lely, in the way of portrait, when his ſacred Majeſty Charles the Second repreſented Cymon, and the Dutcheſs of Cleveland and Mrs. Eleanor Gwin (in as indecent attitudes as his royal taſte could preſcribe) were Iphigenia and her attendants. M.

Another.——Domenichino, or the Caracci.

Electra with the urn, in which ſhe imagined were her Brother's aſhes, lamenting over them; Oreſtes ſmothering his concern.

Another.

6, Eme, quodcunque emendum eſt; I do not mean pictures, medals, gems, drawings, &c. only; but clothes, ſtockings, ſhoes, handkerchiefs, little moveables; every thing you may want all your life long: but have a care of the cuſtom-houſe.

Pray

NOTE.

Another.——Correggio.

Ithuriel and Zephon entering the bower of Adam and Eve; they ſleeping. The light to proceed from the Angels.

Another.——Nicholas Pouſſin.

Alceſtis dying; her children weeping, and hanging upon her robe; the youngeſt of them, a little boy, crying too, but appearing rather to do ſo, becauſe the others are afflicted, than from any ſenſe of the reaſon of their ſorrow: her right arm ſhould be round this, her left extended towards the reſt, as recommending them to her Lord's care; he fainting, and ſupported by the attendants.

Salvator Roſa.

Hannibal paſſing the Alps; the mountaineers rolling down rocks upon his army; elephants tumbling down the precipices.

Another.——Domenichino.

Arria giving Claudius's order to Pætus, and ſtabbing herſelf at the ſame time.

N.

Pray preſent my moſt reſpectful compliments to Mr. Weddell *. I conclude when the winter is over, and you have ſeen Rome and Naples, you will ſtrike out of the beaten path of Engliſh travellers, and ſee a little of the country, throw yourſelves into the boſom of the Appennine, ſurvey the horrid lake of Amſanctus (look in Cluver's Italy), catch the breezes on the coaſt of Taranto and Salerno, expatiate to the very toe of the continent, perhaps ſtrike over the Faro of Meſſina, and having meaſured the gigantic columns of Girgenti, and the tremendous caverns of Syracuſa, refreſh yourſelves amidſt the fragrant vale of Enna. Oh! che bel ripoſo! Addio.

LETTER

NOTES.

N. Pouſſin, or Le Sueur.

Virginius murdering his daughter; Appius at a diſtance, ſtarting up from his tribunal; the people amazed, but few of them ſeeing the action itſelf."

* William Weddell, Eſq; of Newby in Yorkſhire.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE*.

Glames-Caſtle, Sept. 8, 1765.

A Little journey I have been making to Arbroath, has been the cauſe that I did not anſwer your very obliging letter ſo ſoon as I ought to have done. A man of merit, that honours me with his eſteem, and has the frankneſs to tell me ſo, doubtleſs can need no excuſes: his apology is made, and we are already acquainted, however diſtant from each other.

I fear I cannot (as I would wiſh) do myſelf the pleaſure of waiting on you at Aberdeen, being under an engagement to go to-morrow to Taymouth, and, if the weather will allow it, to the Blair of Athol; this will take up four or five days, and at my return the approach of winter will ſcarce permit me to think of any farther expeditions northwards. My ſtay here will, however, be a fortnight or three weeks longer; and if in that time

NOTE.

* Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy and Logic in the Mariſchal College, Aberdeen.

time any buſineſs or invitation ſhould call you this way, Lord Strathmore gives me commiſſion to ſay, he ſhall be extremely glad to ſee you at Glames; and doubt not it will be a particular ſatisfaction to me to receive and thank you in perſon for the favourable ſentiments you have entertained of me, and the civilities with which you have honoured me.

LETTER L.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Glames-Caſtle, Sept. 14, 1765.

I Deferred writing to you till I had ſeen a little more of this country than yourſelf had ſeen; and now being juſt returned from an excurſion, which I and Major Lyon have been making into the Highlands, I ſit down to give you an account of it. But firſt I muſt return to my journey hither, on which I ſhall be very ſhort; partly becauſe you know the way as far as Edinburgh, and partly that there was not a great deal worth remarking. The firſt night we paſſed at Tweedmouth (77 miles); the next at Edinburgh (53 miles); where Lord Strathmore left the Major and me, to go to Lenox-Love, (Lord Blantyre's) where his Aunt lives: ſo that

that afternoon and all next day I had leiſure to viſit the Caſtle, Holyrood-Houſe, Heriot's Hoſpital, Arthur's ſeat, &c. and am not ſorry to have ſeen that moſt pictureſque (at a diſtance), and naſtieſt (when near) of all capital cities. I ſupped with Dr. Robertſon and other literati, and the next morning Lord Strathmore came for us. We croſſed at the Queen's Ferry in a four-oared yawl without a ſail, and were toſſed about rather more than I ſhould wiſh to hazard again; lay at Perth, a large Scotch town with much wood about it, on the banks of the Tay, a very noble river. Next morning ferried over it, and came by dinner-time to Glames; being (from Edinburgh) 67 miles, which makes in all (from Hetton) 197 miles. The caſtle * ſtands in Strathmore (i. e. the Great Valley) which winds about from Stonehaven on the eaſt coaſt of Kincardineſhire, obliquely, as far as Stirling, near 100 miles in length, and from ſeven to ten miles in breadth, cultivated every where to the foot of the hills, on either hand, with oats or bere, a ſpecies of barley, except where the ſoil is mere peat-earth, (black as a coal) or barren ſand covered only with broom and heath, or a ſhort graſs fit for ſheep.

Here

NOTE.

* This is ſaid to be the very Caſtle in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.

Here and there appear, juſt above ground, the huts of the inhabitants, which they call Towns, built of, and covered with, turf; and among them, at great diſtances, the gentlemen's houſes, with incloſures and a few trees round them.

Amidſt theſe the Caſtle of Glames diſtinguiſhes itſelf, the middle part of it riſing proudly out of what ſeems a great and thick wood of tall trees, with a cluſter of hanging towers on the top. You deſcend to it gradually from the ſouth, through a double and triple avenue of Scotch firs 60 or 70 feet high, under three gateways. This approach is a full mile long; and when you have paſſed the ſecond gate, the firs change to limes, and another oblique avenue goes off on either hand towards the offices. Theſe, as well as all the incloſures that ſurround the houſe, are bordered with three or four ranks of ſycamores, aſhes, and white poplars of the nobleſt height, and from 70 to 100 years old. Other alleys there are, that go off at right angles with the long one; ſmall groves, and walled gardens, of Earl Patrick's planting, full of broad-leaved elms, oaks, birch, black cherry-trees, laburnums, &c. all of great ſtature and ſize, which have not till this week begun to ſhew the leaſt ſenſe of morning froſts. The

third

third gate delivers you into a court with a broad pavement, and graſs-plats adorned with ſtatues of the four Stuart Kings, bordered with old ſilver firs and yew-trees, alternately, and opening with an iron paliſade on either ſide to two ſquare old-faſhioned parterres ſurrounded by ſtone fruit-walls. The houſe, from the height of it, the greatneſs of its maſs, the many towers atop, and the ſpread of its wings, has really a very ſingular and ſtriking appearance, like nothing I ever ſaw. You will comprehend ſomething of its ſhape from the plan of the ſecond floor, which I incloſe. The wings are about 50 feet high; the body (which is the old caſtle, with walls 10 feet thick) is near 100. From the leads I ſee to the ſouth of me (juſt at the end of the avenue) the little town of Glames, the houſes built of ſtone, and ſlated, with a neat kirk and ſmall ſquare tower (a rarity in this region.) Juſt beyond it riſes a beautiful round hill, and another ridge of a longer form adjacent to it, both covered with woods of tall fir. Beyond them, peep over the black hills of Sid-law, over which winds the road to Dundee. To the north, within about ſeven miles of me, begin to riſe the Grampians, hill above hill, on whoſe tops three weeks ago I could plainly ſee ſome traces of the ſnow that fell in May laſt. To the eaſt, winds a way to the Strath,

ſuch

ſuch as I have before deſcribed it, among the hills, which ſink lower and lower as they approach the ſea. To the weſt, the ſame valley (not plain, but broken, unequal ground) runs on for above 20 miles in view: there I ſee the crags above Dunkeld; there Beni-Gloe and Beni-More riſe above the clouds; and there is that She-khallian, that ſpires into a cone above them all, and lies at leaſt 45 miles (in a direct line) from this place.

Lord Strathmore, who is the greateſt farmer in this neighbourhood, is from break of day to dark night among his huſbandmen and labourers: he has near 2000 acres of land in his own hands, and is at preſent employed in building a low wall of four miles long, and in widening the bed of the little river Deane, which runs to ſouth and ſouth-eaſt of the houſe, from about twenty to fifty feet wide, both to prevent inundations, and to drain the lake of Forfar. This work will be two years more in compleating, and muſt be three miles in length. All the Highlanders that can be got are employed in it; many of them know no Engliſh, and I hear them ſinging Erſe ſongs all day long. The price of labour is eight pence a day; but to ſuch as will join together, and engage to perform a certain portion in a limited time, two ſhillings.

I muſt ſay that all his labours ſeem to proſper; and my Lord has caſually found in digging ſuch quantities of ſhell-marl, as not only fertilize his own grounds, but are diſpoſed of at a good price to all his neighbours. In his nurſeries are thouſands of oaks, beech, larches, horſe-cheſnuts, ſpruce-firs, &c. thick as they can ſtand, and whoſe only fault is, that they are grown tall and vigorous before he has determined where to plant them out; the moſt advantageous ſpot we have for beauty lies weſt of the houſe, where (when the ſtone-walls of the meadows are taken away) the grounds, naturally unequal, will have a very park-like appearance: they are already full of trees, which need only thinning here and there to break the regularity of their trout-ſtream which joins the river Deane hard by. Purſuing the courſe of this brook upwards, you come to a narrow ſequeſtered valley ſheltered from all winds, thro' which it runs murmuring among great ſtones; on one hand the ground gently riſes into a hill, on the other are the rocky banks of the rivulet almoſt perpendicular, yet covered with ſycamore, aſh, and fir, that (though it ſeems to have no place or ſoil to grow in) yet has riſen to a good height, and forms a thick ſhade: you may continue along this gill, and paſſing by one end of the village and its church for half a mile, it leads to an

opening

opening between the two hills covered with fir-woods, that I mentioned above, through which the ſtream makes its way, and forms a caſcade of ten or twelve feet over broken rocks. A very little art is neceſſary to make all this a beautiful ſcene. The weather, till the laſt week, has been in general very fine and warm; we have had no fires till now, and often have ſat with the windows open an hour after ſun-ſet: now and then a ſhower has come, and ſometimes ſudden guſts of wind deſcend from the mountains, that finiſh as ſuddenly as they aroſe; but to-day it blows a hurricane. Upon the whole, I have been exceeding lucky in my weather, and particularly in my Highland expedition of five days.

We ſet out then the 11th of September, and continuing along the Strath to the weſt, paſſed through *Megill*, (where is the tomb of *Queen Wanders, that was riven to dethe by ſtaned horſes for nae gude that ſhe did*; ſo the women there told me, I aſſure you) thro' Cowper of Angus: over the river Ila; then over a wide and diſmal heath, fit for an aſſembly of witches, till we came to a ſtring of four ſmall lakes in a valley, whoſe deep blue waters and green margin, with a gentleman's houſe or two ſeated on them in little groves, contraſted with the

the black deſert in which they were inchaſed. The ground now grew unequal; the hills, more rocky, ſeemed to cloſe in upon us, till the road came to the brow of a ſteep deſcent, and (the ſun then ſetting) between two woods of oak we ſaw far below us the river Tay come ſweeping along at the bottom of a precipice, at leaſt 150 feet deep, clear as glaſs, full to the brim, and very rapid in its courſe; it ſeemed to iſſue out of woods thick and tall, that roſe on either hand, and were over-hung by broken rocky crags of vaſt height; above them, to the weſt, the tops of higher mountains appeared, on which the evening clouds repoſed. Down by the ſide of the river, under the thickeſt ſhades, is ſeated the town of Dunkeld; in the midſt of it ſtands a ruined cathedral, the towers and ſhell of the building ſtill entire: a little beyond it, a large houſe of the Duke of Athol, with its offices and gardens, extends a mile beyond the town; and as his grounds were interrupted by the ſtreets and roads, he has flung arches of communication acroſs them, that add to the ſcenery of the place, which of itſelf is built of good white ſtone, and handſomely ſlated; ſo that no one would take it for a Scotch town till they come into it. Here we paſſed the night; if I told you how, you would bleſs yourſelf.

Next day we ſet forward to Taymouth, 27 miles farther weſt; the road winding through beautiful woods, with the Tay almoſt always in full view to the right, being here from 3 to 400 feet over. The Strath-Tay, from a mile to three miles or more wide, covered with corn, and ſpotted with groups of people, then in the midſt of their harveſt; on either hand a vaſt chain of rocky mountains that changed their face and opened ſomething new every hundred yards, as the way turned, or the clouds paſſed: in ſhort, altogether it was one of the moſt pleaſing days I have paſſed theſe many years, and at every ſtep I wiſhed for you. At the cloſe of day we came to *Balloch* *, ſo the place was called; but now *Taymouth*, improperly enough; for here it is that the river iſſues out of Loch-Tay, a glorious lake 15 miles long and one mile and a half broad, ſurrounded with prodigious mountains; there on its north-eaſtern brink, impending over it, is the vaſt hill of Lawers; to the eaſt is that enormous creature, *She-khallian* (i. e. the maiden's pap) ſpiring above the clouds: directly weſt, beyond the end of the lake, *Beni-More*, the great mountain riſes to a moſt awful height, and looks down on

NOTE.

* Mr. Pennant, in his tour in Scotland, explains this word "the Mouth of the Loch."

on the tomb of Fingal. Lord Breadalbane's *policy* (ſo they call here all ſuch ground as is laid out for pleaſure) takes in about 2000 acres, of which his houſe, offices, and a deer-park, about three miles round, occupy the plain or bottom, which is little above a mile in breadth; thro' it winds the Tay, which, by means of a bridge, I found here to be 156 feet over: his plantations and woods riſe with the ground, on either ſide the vale, to the very ſummit of the enormous crags that overhang it: along them, on the mountain's ſide, runs a terraſs a mile and a half long, that overlooks the courſe of the river. From ſeveral ſeats and temples perched on particular rocky eminences, you command the lake for many miles in length, which turns like ſome huge river, and loſes itſelf among the mountains that ſurround it; at its eaſtern extremity, where the river iſſues out of it, on a peninſula my Lord has built a neat little town and church with a high ſquare tower; and juſt before it lies a ſmall round iſland in the lake, covered with trees, amongſt which are the ruins of ſome little religious houſe.

Trees, by the way, grow here to great ſize and beauty. I ſaw four old cheſnuts in the road, as you enter the park, of vaſt bulk and height; one beach

tree I meaſured that was 16 feet 7 inches in the girth, and, I gueſs, near 80 feet in height. The gardener preſented us with peaches, nectarines, and plumbs from the ſtone-walls of the kitchen-garden (for there are no brick nor hot walls); the peaches were good, the reſt well taſted, but ſcarce ripe; we had alſo golden pippins from an eſpalier, not ripe, and a melon very well flavoured and fit to cut: of the houſe I have little to ſay; it is a very good nobleman's houſe, handſomely furniſhed and well kept, very comfortable to inhabit, but not worth going far to ſee. Of the Earl's taſte I have not much more to ſay; it is one of thoſe noble ſituations that Man cannot ſpoil: it is however certain, that he has built an inn and a town juſt where his principal walks ſhould have been, and in the moſt wonderful ſpot of ground that perhaps belongs to him. In this inn however we lay; and next day returning down the river four miles, we paſſed it over a fine bridge, built at the expence of the government, and continued our way to *Logie-Rait*, juſt below which, in a moſt charming ſcene, the *Tummel*, which is here the larger river of the two, falls into the Tay. We ferried over the Tummel in order to get into Marſhal Wade's road, which leads from Dunkeld to Inverneſs, and continued our way along it toward the north: the road is excellent,

but

but dangerous enough in conſcience; the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice 200 feet deep, ſometimes maſked indeed by wood that finds means to grow where I could not ſtand, but very often quite naked and without any defence; in ſuch places we walked for miles together, partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country, which the beauty of the weather ſet off to the greateſt advantage: as evening came on, we approached the paſs of Gillikrankie, where, in the year 1745, the Heſſians, with their prince at their head, ſtopped ſhort, and refuſed to march a foot farther.

Veſtibulum ante ipſum, primiſque in faucibus Orci ſtands the ſolitary manſion of Mr. Robertſon, of Faſcley; cloſe by it riſes a hill covered with oak, with groteſque maſſes of rock ſtaring from among their trunks, like the ſullen countenances of Fingal and all his family, frowning on the little mortals of modern days: from between this hill and the adjacent mountains, pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummel, and falls headlong down involved in white foam which riſes into a miſt all round it: but my paper is deficient, and I muſt ſay nothing of the paſs itſelf, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount

Beni-Gloe, my return by another road to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the *Stra-Bram*, and the Rumbling Brig: in ſhort, ſince I ſaw the Alps, I have ſeen nothing ſublime till now. In about a week I ſhall ſet forward, by the Stirling road, on my return all alone. Pray for me till I ſee you, for I dread Edinburgh and the itch, and expect to find very little in my way worth the perils I am to endure.

LETTER LI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Glames-Caſtle, Oct. 2, 1765.

I Muſt beg you would preſent my moſt grateful acknowledgments to your ſociety for the public mark of their eſteem, which you ſay they are diſpoſed to confer on me *. I embrace, with ſo deep and juſt a ſenſe of their goodneſs, the ſubſtance of that honour they do me, that I hope it may plead my pardon with them if

NOTE.

* The Mariſchal College of Aberdeen had deſired to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Gray to receive from them the degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Beattie wrote to him on the ſubject, and this is the anſwer.

I do not accept the form. I have been, Sir, for ſeveral years a member of the Univerſity of Cambridge, and formerly (when I had ſome thoughts of the profeſſion) took a Bachelor of Laws' degree there; ſince that time, though long qualified by my ſtanding, I have always neglected to finiſh my courſe, and claim my Doctor's degree: Judge, therefore, whether it will not look like a ſlight, and ſome ſort of contempt, if I receive the ſame degree from a Siſter Univerſity. I certainly would avoid giving any offence to a ſet of men, among whom I have paſſed ſo many eaſy, and I may ſay, happy hours of my life; yet ſhall ever retain in my memory the obligations you have laid me under, and be proud of my connection with the Univerſity of Aberdeen.

It is a pleaſure to me to find that you are not offended with the liberties I took when you were at Glames; you took me too literally, if you thought I meant in the leaſt to diſcourage you in your purſuit of poetry: all I intended to ſay was, that if either vanity (that is, a general and undiſtinguiſhing deſire of applauſe,) or intereſt, or ambition has any place in the breaſt of a poet, he ſtands a great chance in theſe our days of being ſeverely diſappointed; and yet, after all theſe paſſions are ſuppreſſed, there may remain in the mind of one, "ingenti

genti perculſus amore," (and ſuch I take you to be) incitements of a better ſort, ſtrong enough to make him write verſe all his life, both for his own pleaſure and that of all poſterity.

I am ſorry for the trouble you have had to gratify my curioſity and love of ſuperſtition *; yet I heartily thank you. On Monday, Sir, I ſet forward on my way to England; where if I can be of any little uſe to you, or ſhould ever have the good fortune to ſee you, it will be a particular ſatisfaction to me. Lord Strathmore and the family here deſire me to make their compliments to you.

P. S. Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults †.

LETTER

NOTES.

* Mr. Gray, when in Scotland, had been very inquiſitive after the popular ſuperſtitions of the country; his correſpondent ſent him two books on this ſubject, fooliſh ones indeed, as might be expected, but the beſt that could be had; a Hiſtory of Second-ſight, and a Hiſtory of Witches.

† Mr. Beattie, it ſeems, in their late interview, had expreſſed himſelf with leſs admiration of Dryden than Mr. Gray thought his due. He told him in reply, "that if there was any

LETTER LII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, March 5, 1766.

I Am amazed at myſelf when I think I have never wrote to you; to be ſure it is the ſin of witchcraft, or ſomething worſe. Had I been married, like Maſon, ſome excuſe might be made for it; who (for the firſt time ſince that great event) has juſt thought fit to tell me that he never paſſed ſo happy a winter as the laſt, and this in ſpite of his anxieties, which he ſays might even make a part of his happineſs; for his wife is by no means in health, ſhe has a conſtant cough: yet he is aſſured her lungs are not affected, and that it is nothing of the conſumptive kind. As to me, I have been neither happy nor miſerable; but in a gentle ſtupefaction of mind, and very tolerable health of body hitherto. If they laſt, I ſhall not much complain. The accounts one

NOTE.

any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it wholly from that great Poet; and preſſed him with great earneſtneſs to ſtudy him, as his choice of words and verſification were ſingularly happy and harmonious."

one has lately had from all parts, make me ſuppoſe you buried in the ſnow like the old Queen of Denmark. As ſoon as you are dug out, I ſhall rejoice to hear your voice from the battlements of Old Park.

Every thing is politics. There are no literary productions worth your notice, at leaſt of our country. The French have finiſhed their great Encyclopedia in 17 volumes; but there are many flimſy articles very haſtily treated, and great incorrectneſs of the preſs. There are now 13 volumes of Buffon's Natural Hiſtory; and he is not come to the monkies yet, who are a numerous people. The Life of Petrarch has entertained me; it is not well written, but very curious, and laid together from his own letters, and the original writings of the fourteenth century: ſo that he takes in much of the hiſtory of thoſe obſcure times, and the characters of many remarkable perſons. There are two volumes quarto; and another, unpubliſhed yet, will compleat it.

Mr. Walpole writes me now and then a long and lively letter from Paris; to which place he went laſt year with the gout upon him, ſometimes in his limbs, often in his ſtomach and head. He has got ſomehow well, (not by means of the climate, one would think) goes

goes to all public places, ſees all the beſt company, and is very much in faſhion. He ſays he ſunk like Queen Eleanor at Charing-Croſs, and has riſen again at Paris. He returns in April. I ſaw the Lady you enquire after, when I was laſt in London, and a prodigious fine one ſhe is. She had a ſtrong ſuſpicion of rouge on her cheeks, a cage of foreign birds and a piping bullfinch at her elbow; two little dogs on a cuſhion in her lap, and a cockatoo on her ſhoulder: they were all exceeding glad to ſee me, and I them.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

WHatever my pen may do, I am ſure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleaſure, than to Old Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little Lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, ſhe was as preſent to my memory as the reſt of the whole family; and I deſire you would preſent her with two kiſſes in my name, and one a-piece to all the others; for I ſhall take

take the liberty to kiſs them all, (great and ſmall) as you are to be my proxy *.

In ſpite of the rain, which I think continued, with very ſhort intervals, till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the ſummer from the year, I made a ſhift to paſs May and June not diſagreeably in Kent. I was ſurprized at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not ſtruck me before. The whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden; orchards, cherry-grounds, hop-gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages; gentle riſings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landſcape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole ſcene was dreſſed in that tender emerald green, which one uſually ſees only for a fortnight in the opening of the ſpring; and this continued till I left the country. My reſidence was eight miles eaſt of Canterbury,

NOTE.

* Some readers will think this paragraph very trifling; yet many, I hope, will take it, as I give it, for a pleaſing example of the amiableneſs of his domeſtic character.

Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the ſkirts of Barham-Down *. In theſe parts the whole ſoil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Iſle of Thanet; ſaw Margate, (which is Bartholomew fair by the ſea-ſide) Ramſgate, and other places there; and ſo came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkſtone, and Hithe, back again. The coaſt is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and pictureſque, and the oppoſite coaſts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a *ſhipleſs* ſea, but every where peopled with white ſails, and veſſels of all ſizes in motion: and take notice, (except in the Iſle, which is all corn-fields, and has very little incloſure) there are in all places hedge-rows, and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach. Particularly, Hithe ſtands on an eminence covered with wood. I ſhall confeſs we had fires at night (ay, and at day

NOTE.

* At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinſon, brother to Matthew Robinſon, Eſq; late member for Canterbury, then reſided.

day too) ſeveral times in June; but do not go and take advantage in the north at this, for it was the moſt untoward year that ever I remember.

Have you read the New Bath Guide? It is the only thing in faſhion, and is a new and original kind of humour. Miſs Prue's converſion, I doubt, you will paſte down, as a certain Yorkſhire Baronet did before he carried it to his daughters: yet I remember you all read Crazy Tales without paſting. Buffon's firſt collection of Monkies is come out, (it makes the 14th volume) ſomething, but not much to my edification; for he is pretty well acquainted with their perſons, but not with their manners.

My compliments to Mrs. Wharton and all your family; I will not name them, leſt I ſhould affront any body.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

March 28, 1767.

I Break in upon you at a moment, when we leaſt of all are permitted to diſturb our friends, only to ſay, that you are daily and hourly preſent to my thoughts. If the worſt * be not yet paſt, you will neglect and pardon me: but if the laſt ſtruggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer ſenſible to your kindneſs, or to her own ſufferings, allow me (at leaſt in idea, for what could I do, were I preſent, more than this?) to ſit by you in ſilence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at reſt, but you, who loſe her. May He, who made us, the Maſter of our pleaſures and of our pains, preſerve and ſupport you! Adieu.

I have long underſtood how little you had to hope.

LETTER

NOTE.

* As this little Billet (which I received at the Hot-Wells at Briſtol) then breathed, and ſtill ſeems to breathe, the very voice of Friendſhip in its tendereſt and moſt pathetic note, I cannot

LETTER LV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Old Park, near Darlington, Durham,
Auguſt 12, 1767.

I Received from Mr. Williamſon, that very obliging mark you were pleaſed to give me of your remembrance: Had I not entertained ſome ſlight hopes of reviſiting Scotland this ſummer, and conſequently of ſeeing you at Aberdeen, I had ſooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Thoſe hopes are now at an end; but I do not therefore deſpair of ſeeing again a country that has given me ſo much pleaſure; nor of telling you, in perſon, how much I eſteem you and (as you chooſe to call them) your amuſements: the ſpecimen of them, which you were ſo good as to ſend me, I think excellent; the ſentiments are ſuch as a melancholy imagination naturally ſuggeſts in ſolitude and ſilence, and that (though light and buſineſs may ſuſpend or baniſh them at times) return with but ſo much the

NOTE.

cannot refrain from publiſhing it in this place. I opened it almoſt at the preciſe moment when it would neceſſarily be the moſt affecting.

the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconſtrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into proſe; the verſification is eaſy and harmonious. My only objection is * * * * †

You ſee, Sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in, when I firſt ſaw you; and therefore I make no excuſes for it, but deſire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too haſtily) Mr. Ferguſon's book. There are uncommon ſtrains of eloquence in it: and I was ſurprized to find not one ſingle idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has not the fault you mention ‡: his application to the heart is frequent,

NOTES.

† A paragraph is here omitted, as it contained merely a few particular criticiſms; a liberty of the ſame kind I have before taken in ſome of the preceding letters. The Poem in queſtion contained many touching reflections on mortality: it is to be hoped Dr. Beattie will one day give it to the public.

‡ To explain this, I muſt take the liberty to tranſcribe a paragraph from Mr. Beattie's letter dated March 30, to which the

frequent, and often ſucceſsful. His love of Monteſquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too ſhort-winded and ſententious; which thoſe great men, had they lived in better times and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleaſed to do me *: but if his Lordſhip chooſes to own me, it certainly is not my buſineſs to deny it. I ſay not this merely on account of his quality, but becauſe he is a very worthy and accompliſhed perſon.

NOTES.

the above is an anſwer: "A Profeſſor at Edinburgh has "publiſhed an Eſſay on the Hiſtory of Civil Society, but I "have not ſeen it. It is a fault common to almoſt all our "Scotch authors, that they are too metaphyſical: I wiſh "they would learn to ſpeak more to the heart, and leſs to "the underſtanding; but alas! this is a talent which heaven "only can beſtow: Whereas the philoſophic ſpirit (as we "call it) is merely artificial and level to the capacity of every "man, who has much patience, a little learning, and no "taſte." He has ſince dilated on this juſt ſentiment in his admirable Eſſay on the Immutability of Truth.

* Lord Gray had ſaid that our Author was related to his family.

perſon. I am truly ſorry for the great loſs he has had ſince I left Scotland. If you ſhould chance to ſee him, I will beg you to preſent my reſpectful humble ſervice to his Lordſhip.

I gave Mr. Williamſon all the information I was able in the ſhort time he ſtaid with me. He ſeemed to anſwer well the character you gave me of him: but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I poſſeſſed, you would ſoon ſee your obliged, &c.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, Dec. 24, 1767.

SINCE I had the pleaſure of receiving your laſt letter, which did not reach me till I had left the North, and was come to London, I have been confined to my room with a fit of the gout: now I am recovered and in quiet at Cambridge, I take up my pen to thank you for your very friendly offers, which have ſo much

the air of frankneſs and real good meaning, that were my body as tractable and eaſy of conveyance as my mind, you would ſee me to-morrow in the chamber you have ſo hoſpitably laid out for me at Aberdeen. But, alas! I am a ſummer-bird, and can only ſit drooping till the ſun returns: even then too my wings may chance to be clipped, and little in plight for ſo diſtant an excurſion.

The propoſal you make me, about printing at Glaſgow what little I have ever written, does me honour. I leave my reputation in that part of the kingdom to your care; and only deſire you would not let your partiality to me and mine miſlead you. If you perſiſt in your deſign, Mr. Foulis certainly ought to be acquainted with what I am now going to tell you. When I was in London the laſt ſpring, Dodſley, the bookſeller, aſked my leave to reprint, in a ſmaller form, all I ever publiſhed; to which I conſented: and added, that I would ſend him a few explanatory notes; and if he would omit entirely the *Long Story*, (which was never meant for the public, and only ſuffered to appear in that pompous edition becauſe of Mr. Bentley's deſigns, which were not intelligible without it) I promiſed to ſend him ſomething elſe to print inſtead of it, leſt the bulk of ſo

ſmall

ſmall a volume ſhould be reduced to nothing at all. Now it is very certain that I had rather ſee them printed at Glaſgow (eſpecially as you will condeſcend to reviſe the preſs) than at London; but I know not how to retract my promiſe to Dodſley. By the way, you perhaps may imagine that I have ſome kind of intereſt in this publication; but the truth is, I have none whatever. The expence is his, and ſo is the profit, if there be any. I therefore told him the other day, in general terms, that I heard there would be an edition put out in Scotland by a friend of mine, whom I could not refuſe; and that, if ſo, I would ſend thither a copy of the ſame notes and additions that I had promiſed to ſend to him. This did not ſeem at all to cool his courage; Mr. Foulis muſt therefore judge for himſelf, whether he thinks it worth while to print what is going to be printed alſo at London. If he does, I will ſend him (in a packet to you) the ſame things I ſhall ſend to Dodſley. They are imitations of two pieces of old Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild ſpirit that ſtruck me: but for my paraphraſes I cannot ſay much; you will judge. The reſt are nothing but a few parallel paſſages, and ſmall notes juſt to explain what people ſaid at the time was wrapped in total darkneſs. You will pleaſe to tell me, as ſoon as you can conveniently,

what Mr. Foulis ſays on this head; that (if he drops the deſign) I may ſave myſelf and you the trouble of this packet. I aſk your pardon for talking ſo long about it; a little more, and my letter would be as big as all my works.

I have read, with much pleaſure, an Ode of yours (in which you have done me the honour to adopt a meaſure that I have uſed) on Lord Hay's birth-day. Though I do not love panegyric, I cannot but applaud this, for there is nothing mean in it. The diction is eaſy and noble, the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the verſification harmonious. The few expreſſions I object to are * * * * †. Theſe, indeed, are minutiæ; but they weigh for ſomething, as half a grain makes a difference in the value of a diamond.

LETTER

NOTE.

† Another paragraph of particular criticiſm is here omitted.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, Feb. 1, 1768.

I Am almoſt ſorry to have raiſed any degree of impatience in you, becauſe I can by no means ſatisfy it. The ſole reaſon I have to publiſh theſe few additions now, is to make up (in both) for the omiſſion of that *Long Story*; and as to the notes, I do it out of ſpite, becauſe the public did not underſtand the two Odes (which I have called Pindaric); tho' the firſt was not very dark, and the ſecond alluded to a few common facts to be found in any ſixpenny hiſtory of England, by way of queſtion and anſwer, for the uſe of children. The parallel paſſages I inſert out of juſtice to thoſe writers from whom I happened to take the hint of any line, as far as I can recollect.

I rejoice to be in the hands of Mr. Foulis, who has the laudable ambition of ſurpaſſing his predeceſſors, the *Etiennes* and the *Elzevirs*, as well in literature, as in the proper art of his profeſſion: He ſurpriſes me in mentioning a Lady, after whom I have been enquiring

theſe

theſe fourteen years in vain. When the two Odes were firſt publiſhed, I ſent them to her; but as I was forced to direct them very much at random, probably they never came to her hands. When the preſent edition comes out, I beg of Mr. Foulis to offer her a copy, in my name, with my reſpects and grateful remembrances; he will ſend another to you, Sir, and a third to Lord Gray, if he will do me the honour of accepting it. Theſe are all the preſents I pretend to make (for I would have it conſidered only as a new edition of an old book); after this if he pleaſes to ſend me one or two, I ſhall think myſelf obliged to him. I cannot adviſe him to print a great number; eſpecially as Dodſley has it in his power to print as many as he pleaſes, though I deſire him not to do ſo.

You are very good to me in taking this trouble upon you: All I can ſay is, that I ſhall be happy to return it in kind, whenever you will give me the opportunity.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII. *

Mr. GRAY to the Duke of GRAFTON.

My Lord, *Cambridge, July*, 1768.

YOUR Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the ſame delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unſolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averſe to receive my ſincereſt thanks and grateful acknowledgments. Yet your Grace muſt excuſe me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myſelf (ſuch is my pride) that you have ſome little ſatisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myſelf in this, it would compleat the happineſs of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt obliged and devoted ſervant.

LETTER

NOTE.

* The two following Letters explain the occaſion of this addreſs, in a way ſo honourable to his Grace, and are withal ſo authentic a teſtimony of Mr. Gray's gratitude, that they leave me nothing to add on the ſubject.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS. *

Jermyn-Street, Aug. 3, 1768.

THAT Mr. Brockett has broken his neck, by a fall from his horſe, you will have ſeen in the News papers; and alſo that I, your humble ſervant, have kiſſed the King's hand for his ſucceſſion: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can aſſure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almoſt as little in the ſecond event. He died on the Sunday; on Wedneſday following his Grace the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to ſay, that his Majeſty had commanded him to offer me the vacant Profeſſorſhip, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more too high for me to tranſcribe: So on Thurſday the King ſigned the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kiſſed his hand; he made

NOTE.

* Rector of Lounde and Bradwell, in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a ſtudent of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

made me ſeveral gracious ſpeeches, which I ſhall not repeat, becauſe every body, that goes to court, does ſo: beſides, the day was ſo hot, and the ceremony ſo embarraſſing to me, that I hardly knew what he ſaid.

Adieu. I am to periſh here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge; to be ſure my dignity is a little the worſe for wear, but mended and waſhed, it will do for me.

LETTER LX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, Oct. 31, 1768.

IT is ſome time ſince I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookſeller of this town: it is indeed a moſt beautiful edition, and muſt certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodſley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of 1500, and the other of 750, both indeed far inferior to that of Glaſgow, but ſold at half

the

the price. I muſt repeat my thanks, Sir, for the trouble you have been pleaſed to give yourſelf on my account; and thro' you I muſt deſire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expence he has been at in this publication.

We live at ſo great a diſtance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myſelf, you will not be diſpleaſed to hear: the middle of laſt ſummer his Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint me Regius Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory in this Univerſity; it is the beſt thing the Crown has to beſtow (on a layman) here; the ſalary is 400 l. per ann. but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was beſtowed without being aſked. The perſon, who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wedneſday following the Duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to ſay, that the King offered me this office, with many additional expreſſions of kindneſs on his Grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not ſeen either before or ſince he did me this favour. Inſtances of a benefit ſo nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the Miniſter.

As

As I lived here before from choice, I ſhall now continue to do ſo from obligation: if buſineſs or curioſity ſhould call you ſouthwards, you will find few friends that will ſee you with more cordial ſatisfaction, than, dear Sir, &c.

END OF THE LAST PART OF THE FOURTH SECTION.

SECTION

SECTION THE FIFTH.

THE Reader will have gathered, from the preceding ſeries of letters, that the greateſt part of Mr. Gray's life was ſpent in that kind of learned leiſure, which has only ſelf-improvement and ſelf-gratification for its object: He will probably be ſurprized that, with ſo very ſtrait an income, he ſhould never have read with a view of making his reſearches lucrative to himſelf, or uſeful to the public. The truth was, Mr. Gray had ever expunged the word *lucrative* from his own vocabulary. He may be ſaid to have been one of thoſe very few perſonages in the annals of literature, eſpecially in the poetical claſs, who are devoid of ſelf-intereſt, and at the ſame time attentive to economy; and alſo, among mankind in general, one of thoſe very few economiſts who poſſeſs that talent, untinctured with the ſlighteſt ſtain of avarice. Were it my purpoſe in this place to expatiate on his moral excellencies, I ſhould here add, that when his circumſtances were at the

the loweſt, he gave away ſuch ſums in private charity as would have done credit to an ampler purſe: But it is rather my leſs pleaſing province at preſent to acknowledge one of his foibles; and that was a certain degree of pride, which led him, of all other things, to deſpiſe the idea of being thought an author profeſſed. I have been told indeed, that early in life he had an intention of publiſhing an edition of Strabo; and I find amongſt his papers a great number of geographical diſquiſitions, particularly with reſpect to that part of Aſia which comprehends Perſia and India; concerning the antient and modern names and diviſions of which extenſive countries, his notes are very copious. The indefatigable pains which he alſo took with the writings of Plato, and the quantity of critical, as well as explanatory obſervations, which he has left upon almoſt every part of his works, plainly indicate, that no man in Europe was better prepared to republiſh and illuſtrate that Philoſopher than Mr. Gray. Another work, on which he beſtowed uncommon labour, was the 'Anthologia.' Amongſt the books, which his friendſhip bequeathed to me, is Henry Stevens's edition of that collection of Greek Epigrams, interleaved; in which he has tranſcribed ſeveral additional ones that he ſelected in his extenſive reading, has inſerted a great number of critical notes and emenda-

tions,

tions, and ſubjoined a copious Index, in which every Epigram is arranged under the name of its reſpective author *. This manuſcript, though written in that exact manner, as if intended for the preſs, I do not know that it was ever Mr. Gray's deſign to make public. The only work, which he meditated upon with this

NOTE.

* It ſhould ſeem that Mr. Gray's pains were, on this occaſion, very ill employed; for the late Lord Cheſterfield, writing to his ſon, ſays, "I hope you are got out of the "worſt company in the world, the Greek Epigrams. Mar-"tial has wit, and is worth looking into ſometimes; but I "recommend the Greek Epigrams to your ſupreme con-"tempt." See Lord Cheſterfield's Letters, Let. 73. However, if what Mr. Gray ſays be true, p. 35, ſupra, that "a "dead Lord ranks only with Commoners," there may come a time when Lord Cheſterfield's dictum, in matters of taſte, may not be held more infallible than that of his own and other dead Lords, in points of religion and morality: Nay, when his own plan of *gentlemanly* education may be thought leſs capable of furniſhing his country with uſeful members of ſociety, than the plain old-faſhioned one which he wrote to explode. If this day does not quickly come, one may, without pretending to a gift of prophecy, pronounce that England will neither be, nor deſerve to be, any thing better than a Province of France.

this direct view from the beginning, was a History of Engliſh Poetry. He has mentioned this himſelf in an advertiſement prefixed to thoſe three fine imitations of Norſe and Welch Poetry, which he gave the world in the laſt edition of his Poems. But the ſlight manner, in which he there ſpeaks of that deſign, may admit here of ſome additional explanation. Several years ago I was indebted to the friendſhip of the preſent learned Biſhop of Glouceſter for * a curious manuſcript paper of Mr. Pope, which contains the firſt ſketch of a plan for a work of this kind, and which I have ſtill in my poſſeſſion. Mr. Gray was greatly ſtruck with the method which Mr. Pope had traced out in this little ſketch; and on my propoſal of engaging with him in compiling ſuch a hiſtory, he examined the plan more accurately, enlarged it conſiderably, and formed an idea for an introduction to it. In this was to be aſcertained the origin of Rhyme; and ſpecimens not only of the Provençal Poetry, (to which alone Mr. Pope ſeemed to have adverted) but of the Scaldic, Britiſh, and Saxon, were to have been given; as, from all theſe different ſources united, Engliſh Poetry had its original:

NOTE.

* A tranſcript of this paper is to be found printed in the Life of Mr. Pope, written by Mr. Ruffhead.

nal: though it could hardly be called by that name till the time of Chaucer, with whoſe ſchool (i. e. the Poets who wrote in his manner) the hiſtory itſelf was intended to commence. The materials which I collected for this purpoſe are too inconſiderable to be mentioned: but Mr. Gray, beſides verſifying thoſe Odes that he publiſhed, made many elaborate diſquiſitions into the origin of Rhyme, and that variety of Metre, to be found in the writings of our antient Poets. He alſo tranſcribed many parts of the voluminous Lidgate, from Manuſcripts which he found in the Univerſity Library and thoſe of private Colleges; remarking, as he went along, the ſeveral beauties and defects of this immediate ſcholar of Chaucer. He however ſoon found that a work of this kind, purſued on ſo very extenſive a plan, would become almoſt endleſs: and hearing at the ſame time that Mr. Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity-College, Oxford, (of whoſe abilities, from his obſervations on Spenſer, we had each of us conceived the higheſt opinion) was engaged in a work of the ſame kind, we by mutual conſent relinquiſhed our undertaking; and ſoon after, on that Gentleman's deſiring a

ſight

ſight of the plan, Mr. Gray readily ſent him a copy of it *.

At a time when I am enumerating the more conſiderable of Mr. Gray's antiquarian purſuits, I muſt not omit to mention his great knowledge of Gothic Architecture. He had ſeen, and accurately ſtudied in his youth, while abroad, the Roman proportions on the ſpot, both in antient ruins and in the works of Palladio. In his later years he applied himſelf to conſider thoſe ſtupendous ſtructures of more modern date, that adorn our own country; which, if they have not the ſame grace, have undoubtedly equal dignity. He endeavoured to trace this mode of building, from the time it commenced, through its various changes, till it arrived at its perfection in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and ended in that of Elizabeth. For this purpoſe he did not ſo much depend upon written accounts, as that internal evidence which the buildings themſelves give

NOTE.

* This Gentleman has juſt now politely acknowledged the favour in his preface to his firſt volume on this ſubject. A work, which, as he proceeds in it thro' more enlightened periods, will undoubtedly give the world as high an idea of his critical taſte, as the preſent ſpecimen does of his indefatigable reſearches into antiquity.

of their reſpective antiquity; ſince they conſtantly furniſh to the well-informed eye, arms, ornaments, and other undubitable marks, by which their ſeveral ages may be aſcertained. On this account he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of Heraldry as a preparatory ſcience, and has left behind him a number of genealogical papers, more than ſufficient to prove him a complete maſter of it. By theſe means he arrived at ſo very extraordinary a pitch of ſagacity, as to be enabled to pronounce, at firſt ſight, on the preciſe time when every particular part of any of our cathedrals was erected. He invented alſo ſeveral terms of art, the better to explain his meaning on this ſubject. I frequently preſſed him to digeſt theſe in a regular order; and offered, under his direction, to adapt a ſet of drawings to them, which might deſcribe every ornament peculiarly in uſe in every different æra. But though he did not diſapprove this hint, he neglected it; and has left no papers that would lead to its proſecution. I therefore mention it in this place, only to induce certain of his friends, to whom I know he communicated more of his thoughts upon this ſubject than to me, to purſue the deſign, if they think it would be attended with utility to the public.

There is an Eloge on M. l'Abbé Le Beuf, publiſhed in the "Hiſtoire de l'Acad. des Inſcriptions & Belles "Lettres, vol. 29th," by which it appears that Gentleman had preciſely the ſame idea with Mr. Gray on this ſubject; and, by purſuing it, had arrived at the ſame degree of ſkill. "Les Voyages & les Lectures de M. "l'Abbé Le Beuf l'avoient tellement familiariſé avec "les monumens, qu'il apercevoit les differences les "plus delicates de l'ancienne Architecture: Il demêloit "du premier coup-d'œil, les caracteres de chaque ſiecle; "à l'inſpection d'un bâtiment il pouvoit dire, quelque-"fois à vingt années prés, dans quel temps il avoit été "conſtruit: les ceintres, les chapiteaux, les moulures "portoient à ſes yeux la date de leur bâtiſſe: beaucoup "de grands edifices ont été l'ouvrage de pluſieurs ſiecles; "plus encore ont été reparés en des ſiecles differens; il "décompoſoit un meme bâtiment avec une facilitè ſin-"gulière, il fixoit l'age des diverſes parties, & ſes de-"ciſions etoient toujours fondées ſur des preuves indu-"bitables; on en trouve une foule d'exemples dans ſon "Hiſtoire du Dioceſe de Paris." His Panegyriſt alſo informs us, that he was ſolicited by his friend, M. Joly de Fleury, to reduce into a body of ſcience the diſcoveries which he had made, that his ill health prevented him; but that the work is now in the hands of a perſon

very capable of perfecting his idea. Yet I queſtion whether a work of this kind, from a French writer, will be of any great importance, ſince I am informed by a very competent judge, that the reſemblance between Gothic Architecture in England and in France is ſurpriſingly ſlight, except in the cathedral at Amiens, and a few other churches, ſuppoſed to be built by the Engliſh while in poſſeſſion of French provinces. The public has much more to hope from Mr. T. Warton's late promiſe to it, as he, of all other living writers, is beſt qualified to give complete ſatisfaction to the curious on this ſubject: in the meanwhile, it may not be amiſs to inform the reader, that Mr. Bentham's Remarks on Saxon Churches, which make a part of an elaborate Introduction to his Hiſtory of Ely Cathedral, lately publiſhed, will convey to him many ſentiments of Mr. Gray; as, amongſt other Antiquaries, he contributed his aſſiſtance to that Gentleman; who, in his preface, has accordingly mentioned the obligation.

But the favourite ſtudy of Mr. Gray, for the laſt ten years of his life, was Natural Hiſtory, which he then rather reſumed than began; as, by the inſtructions of his uncle Antrobus, he was a conſiderable botaniſt at fifteen. He followed it cloſely, and often ſaid that he thought

thought it a ſingular felicity to have engaged in it; as, beſides the conſtant amuſement it gave him in his chamber, it led him more frequently out into the fields; and, by making his life leſs ſedentary, improved the general courſe of his health and ſpirits.

Habituated, as he had long been, to apply only to firſt-rate Authors, as to the fountain-head of that knowledge, which he was at the time ſolicitous to acquire, it is obvious that, when he reſolved to make himſelf maſter of Natural Hiſtory, he would immediately become the diſciple of the great Linnæus. His firſt buſineſs was to underſtand accurately his "termini ar-"tis," which he called juſtly the learning a new original language. He then went regularly through the vegetable, animal, and foſſile kingdoms. The marginal notes which he has left, not only on Linnæus, but the many other authors which he read on theſe ſubjects, are very numerous: but the moſt conſiderable are on Hudſon's Flora Anglica, and the tenth edition of the Syſtema Naturæ; which latter he interleaved, and filled almoſt entirely. While employed on Zoology, he alſo read Ariſtotle's treatiſe on that ſubject with great care, and explained many difficult paſſages of that obſcure Antient,

Antient, from the lights he had acquired from modern Naturaliſts.

Having now given a general account of that variety of literary purſuits, which, in their turns, principally engaged his attention, and which were either not mentioned, or only glanced at in the preceding letters, let me be permitted to ſay a word or two of his amuſements. The chief, and almoſt the only one of theſe, (if we except the frequent experiments he made on Flowers, in order to mark the mode and progreſs of their vegetation) was Muſic. His taſte in this art was equal to his ſkill in any more important ſcience. It was founded on the beſt models, thoſe great maſters in Italy, who flouriſhed about the ſame time with his favourite Pergoleſi. Of His and of Leo's, Bononcini's, Vinci's, and Haſſe's works, he made a valuable collection while abroad, chiefly of ſuch of their vocal compoſitions as he had himſelf heard and admired; obſerving in his choice of theſe, the ſame judicious rule which he followed in making his collection of Prints; which was not ſo much to get together compleat ſets of the works of any maſter, as to ſelect thoſe (the beſt in their kind) which would recall to his memory the capital Pictures, Statues, and Buildings which he had ſeen

and

and ſtudied. By this means, as he acquired in Painting great facility and accuracy in the knowledge of hands, ſo in Muſic he gained ſupreme ſkill in the more refined powers of expreſſion; eſpecially when we conſider that art as an adjunct to poetry: for vocal muſic, and that only, (excepting perhaps the leſſons of the younger Scarlatti) was what he chiefly regarded. His inſtrument was the Harpſichord; on which, though he had little execution, yet, when he ſung to it, he ſo modulated the ſmall powers of his voice *, as to be able to convey to the intelligent hearer no common degree of ſatisfaction. This, however, he could ſeldom be prevailed upon to do, even by his moſt intimate acquaintance.

To conclude this ſlight ſketch of his literary Character, I believe I may with great truth aſſert, that excepting pure Mathematics, and the ſtudies dependent on that ſcience, there was hardly any part of human Learning, in which he had not acquired a competent ſkill: in moſt of them a conſummate maſtery.

I

NOTE.

* He was much admired for his ſinging in his youth; yet he was ſo ſhy in exerciſing this talent, that Mr. Walpole tells me he never could but once prevail on him to give a proof of it; and then it was with ſo much pain to himſelf, that it gave him no manner of pleaſure.

I proceed now, as I did in the former ſections, to ſelect, for the reader's peruſal, the laſt ſeries of his Letters. They are few in number; yet contain all the incidents that occurred in that very ſhort ſpace of time, during which Providence was pleaſed further to continue him a bleſſing to his friends, and an ornament to his country.

LETTER I.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

I Was abſent from College, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yeſterday; ſo you muſt not attribute this delay to me but to accident: to ſympathize with you in ſuch a loſs * is an eaſy taſk for me, but to comfort you not ſo eaſy; can I wiſh to ſee you unaffected with the ſad ſcene now before your eyes, or with the loſs of a perſon that, thro' a great part of your life, has proved himſelf ſo kind a friend to you? He who beſt knows our nature (for he made us what we are) by ſuch afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment; from the inſolence

NOTE.

* The death of his uncle Governor Floyer.

inſolence of youth and proſperity, to ſerious reflection, to our duty, and to himſelf; nor need we haſten to get rid of theſe impreſſions; time (by appointment of the ſame Power) will cure the ſmart, and in ſome hearts ſoon blot out all the traces of ſorrow: but ſuch as preſerve them longeſt (for it is partly left in our own power) do perhaps beſt acquieſce in the will of the chaſtiſer.

For the conſequences of this ſudden loſs, I ſee them well, and I think, in a like ſituation, could fortify my mind, ſo as to ſupport them with chearfulneſs and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to ſee things in their beſt aſpect. When you have time to turn yourſelf round, you muſt think ſeriouſly of your profeſſion; you know I would have wiſhed to ſee you wear the livery of it long ago: But I will not dwell on this ſubject at preſent. To be obliged to thoſe we love and eſteem is a pleaſure; but to ſerve and oblige them is a ſtill greater; and this, with independance, (no vulgar bleſſing) are what a profeſſion at your age may reaſonably promiſe: without it they are hardly attainable. Remember I ſpeak from experience.

In the mean time while your preſent ſituation laſts, which I hope will not be long, continue your kindneſs

and

and confidence in me, by truſting me with the whole of it; and ſurely you hazard nothing by ſo doing: That ſituation does not appear ſo new to me as it does to you. You well know the tenour of my converſation (urged at times perhaps a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, and to familiarize your mind with this ſpectre, which you call by its worſt name: but remember that "Honeſta res "eſt læta paupertas." I ſee it with reſpect, and ſo will every one, whoſe poverty is not ſeated in their mind *. There is but one real evil in it (take my word who know it well) and that is, that you have leſs the power of aſſiſting others, who have not the ſame reſources to ſupport them. You have youth: you have many kind well-intentioned people belonging to you; many acquaintance of your own, or families that will wiſh to ſerve you. Conſider how many have had the ſame, or greater cauſe for dejection, with none of theſe reſources before their eyes. Adieu. I ſincerely wiſh your happineſs.

P. S. I have juſt heard that a friend of mine is ſtruck with a paralytick diſorder, in which ſtate it is likely he may

NOTE.

* An excellent thought finely expreſſed.

may live incapable of aſſiſting himſelf, in the hands of ſervants or relations that only gape after his ſpoils, perhaps for years to come: think how many things may befal a man far worſe than poverty or death. *

LETTER II.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, June 24, 1769.

AND ſo you have a garden of your own †, and you plant and tranſplant, and are dirty and amuſed! Are not you aſhamed of yourſelf? Why, I have no ſuch

NOTES.

* This Letter was written a year or two before the time when this ſeries of letters ſhould commence; but as it was not communicated to me before the laſt ſection was printed off, and has a connection with that which follows it, I choſe to begin this ſection with it; the date not appearing to be very material, and the pathetic and friendly turn of it ſtrongly pleading for its inſertion.

† Mr. Nicholls, by having purſued the advice of his correſpondent, we find was now poſſeſſed of that competency which he wiſhed him. Happy, not only in having ſo ſage an

ſuch thing, you monſter, nor ever ſhall be either dirty or amuſed as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows like thoſe of a lodger up three pair of ſtairs in Petticoat-Lane, or Camomile-Street, and they go to bed regularly under the ſame roof that I do. Dear, how charming it muſt be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and ſit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden ſtatue, and a rolling ſtone, and an arbour: have a care of ſore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have ſold my eſtate and got a thouſand guineas †, and fourſcore pounds a year for my old Aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the treaſury, and am a rich fellow

NOTES.

an adviſer, but in his own good ſenſe which prompted him to follow ſuch advice. The gaiety, whim, and humour of this letter contraſt prettily with the gravity and ſerious reflection of the former.

† Conſiſting of houſes on the weſt ſide of Hand-Alley, London: Mrs. Olliffe was the Aunt here mentioned, who had a ſhare in this eſtate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her Nephew.

fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him, and in a few days ſhall have new window curtains: Are you avized of that? Ay, and a new mattreſs to lie upon.

My Ode has been rehearſed again and again *, and the ſcholars have got ſcraps by heart: I expect to ſee it torn piece-meal in the North-Briton before it is born. If you will come you ſhall ſee it, and ſing in it amidſt a chorus from Saliſbury and Glouceſter muſic meeting, great names there, and all well verſed in Judas Maccabæus. I wiſh it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and ſo with Mr. Brown to Aſton, though I fear it will rain the whole ſummer, and Skiddaw will be inviſible and inacceſſible to mortals.

I have got De la Landes' Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the academy of ſciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenſtone's Letters: Poor man! he was

NOTE.

* Ode for Muſic on the Duke of Grafton's Inſtallation. See Poems, (Vol. I.) p. 43. His reaſon for writing it is given in the next letter.

was always wiſhing for money, for fame, and other diſtinctions; and his whole philoſophy conſiſted in living againſt his will in retirement, and in a place which his taſte had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to ſee and commend it: his correſpondence is about nothing elſe but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring Clergymen who wrote verſes too.

I have juſt found the beginning of a letter, which ſomebody had dropped: I ſhould rather call it firſt-thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many ſcratches and corrections. As I cannot uſe it myſelf, (having got a beginning already of my own) I ſend it for your uſe on ſome great occaſion.

Dear Sir,

" After ſo long ſilence, the hopes of pardon, and " proſpect of forgiveneſs might ſeem entirely extinct, or " at leaſt very remote, was I not truly ſenſible of your " goodneſs and candour, which is the only aſylum that " my negligence can fly to, ſince every apology would " prove inſufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate " my fault: How then ſhall my deficiency preſume to " make ſo bold an attempt, or be able to ſuffer the " hardſhips of ſo rough a campaign?" &c. &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Cambridge, July 16, 1769.

THE late ceremony of the Duke of Grafton's inſtallation has hindered me from acknowledging ſooner the ſatisfaction your friendly compliment gave me: I thought myſelf bound in gratitude to his Grace, unaſked, to take upon me the taſk of writing thoſe verſes which are uſually ſet to muſic on this occaſion *. I do not think them worth ſending you, becauſe they are by nature doomed to live but a ſingle day; or, if their exiſtence

NOTE.

* In a ſhort note which he wrote to Mr. Stonhewer, June 12, when, at his requeſt, he ſent him the Ode in manuſcript for his Grace's peruſal, he expreſſes this motive more fully. "I did not intend the Duke ſhould have heard me till he "could not help it. You are deſired to make the beſt ex- "cuſes you can to his Grace for the liberty I have taken of "praiſing him to his face; but as ſomebody was neceſſarily "to do this, I did not ſee why Gratitude ſhould ſit ſilent "and leave it to Expectation to ſing, who certainly would "have ſung, and that *à gorge deployée* upon ſuch an occaſion."

exiſtence is prolonged beyond that date, it is only by means of news-paper parodies, and witleſs criticiſms. This ſort of abuſe I had reaſon to expect, but did not think it worth while to avoid.

Mr. Foulis is magnificent in his gratitude †: I cannot figure to myſelf how it can be worth his while to offer me ſuch a preſent. You can judge better of it than I; and if he does not hurt himſelf by it, I would accept his Homer with many thanks. I have not got or even ſeen it.

I could wiſh to ſubſcribe to his new edition of Milton, and deſire to be ſet down for two copies of the large paper; but you muſt inform me where and when I may pay the money.

You have taught me to long for a ſecond letter, and particularly for what you ſay will make the contents of it.

NOTE.

† When the Glaſgow Edition of Mr. Gray's Poems was ſold off (which it was in a ſhort time) Mr. Foulis finding himſelf a conſiderable gainer, mentioned to Mr. Beattie, that he wiſhed to make Mr. Gray a preſent either of his Homer in 4 vols. folio, or the Greek Hiſtorians, printed likewiſe at his preſs, in 29 vols. duodecimo.

it *. I have nothing to requite it with but plain and friendly truth, and that you ſhall have, joined to a zeal for your fame, and a pleaſure in your ſucceſs.

I am now ſetting forward on a journey towards the North of England; but it will not reach ſo far as I could wiſh. I muſt return hither before Michaelmas, and ſhall barely have time to viſit a few places, and a few friends.

LETTER IV.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Aſton, Oct. 18, 1769.

I Hope you got ſafe and well home after that troubleſome night †. I long to hear you ſay ſo. For me I have continued well, been ſo favoured by the weather,

NOTES.

* His correſpondent had intimated to him his intention of ſending him his firſt book of the Minſtrel. See the ſeventh letter of this ſeries.

† Dr. Wharton, who had intended to accompany Mr. Gray to Keſwick, was ſeized at Brough with a violent fit of his

that my walks have never once been hindered till yeſterday (that is a fortnight and three or four days, and a journey of more than 300 miles.) I am now at Aſton for two days. To-morrow I go to Cambridge. Maſon is not here, but Mr. Alderſon receives me. According to

NOTE.

his aſthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reaſon that Mr. Gray undertook to write the following journal of his tour for his friend's amuſement. He ſent it under different covers. I give it here in continuation. It may not be amiſs, however, to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find elaborate and nicely-turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly diſappointed. When Mr. Gray deſcribed places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible; to convey peculiar, not general ideas, and to paint by the eye, not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the Weſtmoreland and Cumberland lakes, both before and ſince this was written, and all of them better calculated to pleaſe readers, who are fond of what they call *fine writing:* Yet thoſe, who can content themſelves with an elegant ſimplicity of narrative, will, I flatter myſelf, find this to their taſte; they will perceive it was written with a view, rather to inform than ſurprize; and, if they make it their companion when they take the ſame tour, it will inhance their opinion of its intrinſic excellence; in this way I tried it myſelf before I reſolved to print it.

to my promiſe I ſend you the firſt ſheet of my journal, to be continued without end.

Sept. 30. A mile and a half from Brough, where we parted, on a hill lay a great army * encamped: To the left opened a fine valley with green meadows and hedge-rows, a gentleman's houſe peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach appeared myriads of cattle and horſes in the road itſelf, and in all the fields round me, a briſk ſtream hurrying croſs the way, thouſands of clean healthy people in their beſt party-coloured apparel: Farmers and their families, Eſquires and their daughters haſtening up from the dales and down the fells from every quarter, glittering in the ſun, and preſſing forward to join the throng. While the dark hills, on whoſe tops the miſts were yet hanging, ſerved as a contraſt to this gay and moving ſcene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the croud (coming towards it) reached on as far as Appleby. On the aſcent of the hill above Appleby the thick hanging wood, and the long reaches of the Eden, clear, rapid, and full as ever, winding below, with views of the

NOTE.

* There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near Brough on this day and the preceding.

caſtle and town, gave much employment to the mirror *: but now the ſun was wanting, and the ſky overcaſt. Oats and barley cut every where, but not carried in. Paſſed Kirbythore, Sir William Dalſton's houſe at Acorn-Bank, Whinfield Park, Harthorn Oaks, Counteſs-Pillar, Brougham-Caſtle, Mr. Brown's large new houſe; croſſed the Eden and the Eimot (pronounce Eeman) with its green vale, and dined at three o'clock with Mrs. Buchanan at Penrith, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up Beacon-hill, a mile to the top, and could ſee Ulſwater through an opening in the boſom of that cluſter of broken Mountains, which the Doctor well remembers, Whinfield and Lowther Parks, &c. and the craggy tops of an hundred nameleſs hills: Theſe lie to weſt and ſouth. To the north a great extent of black and dreary plains. To the eaſt, Croſs-fell, juſt viſible through miſts and vapours hovering round it.

Oct.

NOTE.

* Mr. Gray carried uſually with him on theſe tours a Plano-convex Mirror of about four inches diameter on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glaſs of this ſort is perhaps the beſt and moſt convenient ſubſtitute for a Camera Obſcura, of any thing that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician.

Oct. 1. A grey autumnal day, the air perfectly calm and mild, went to ſee Ulſwater, five miles diſtant; ſoon left the Keſwick-road, and turned to the left through ſhady lanes along the vale of Eeman, which runs rapidly on near the way, ripling over the ſtones; to the right is Delmaine, a large fabrick of pale red ſtone, with nine windows in front and ſeven on the ſide, built by Mr. Haſsle, behind it a fine lawn ſurrounded by woods, and a long rocky eminence riſing over them: a clear and briſk rivulet runs by the houſe to join the Eeman, whoſe courſe is in ſight and at a ſmall diſtance. Farther on appears Hatton St. John, a caſtle-like old manſion of Mr. Huddleſton. Approached Dunmallert, a fine-pointed hill covered with wood, planted by old Mr. Haſsle before-mentioned, who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a ſpungy meadow or two, and began to mount the hill through a broad ſtraight green alley among the trees, and with ſome toil gained the ſummit. From hence ſaw the lake opening directly at my feet, majeſtic in its calmneſs, clear and ſmooth as a blue mirror, with winding ſhores and low points of land covered with green incloſures, white farm-houſes looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almoſt every where bordered with cultivated lands, gently ſloping upwards

upwards from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, till they reach the feet of the mountains, which riſe very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front, at better than three miles diſtance, Place-Fell, one of the braveſt among them, puſhes its bold broad breaſt into the midſt of the lake, and forces it to alter its courſe, forming firſt a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. I deſcended Dunmallert again by a ſide avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to Barton-bridge over the Eeman; then walking through a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the Eeman iſſues out of the lake, and continued my way along its weſtern ſhore cloſe to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fiſhing. The figure of the lake nothing reſembles that laid down in our maps: It is nine miles long; and at wideſt under a mile in breadth. After extending itſelf three miles and a half in a line to the ſouth-weſt, it turns at the foot of Place-Fell almoſt due weſt, and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is ſoon again interrupted by the root of Helvellyn, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and ſpreading again turns off to ſouth-eaſt, and is loſt among the deep receſſes of the hills. To this ſecond turning I purſued my way about four miles.

miles along its borders beyond a village ſcattered among trees, and called Water-Mallock, in a pleaſant grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of ſunſhine; then the ſky ſeeming to thicken, and the valley to grow more deſolate, and evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to Penrith.

Oct. 2. I ſet out at ten for Keſwick, by the road we went in 1767; ſaw Greyſtock town and caſtle to the right, which lie about three miles from Ulſwater over the fells; paſſed through Penradoch and Threlcot at the foot of Saddleback, whoſe furrowed ſides were gilt by the noon-day ſun, whilſt its brow appeared of a ſad purple from the ſhadow of the clouds as they ſailed ſlowly by it. The broad and green valley of Gardies and Lowſide, with a ſwift ſtream glittering among the cottages and meadows, lay to the left, and the much finer but narrower valley of St. John's opening into it: Hill-top, the large though low manſion of the Gaſkarths, now a farm-houſe, ſeated on an eminence among woods, under a ſteep fell, was what appeared the moſt conſpicuous, and beſide it a great rock, like ſome ancient tower nodding to its fall. Paſſed by the ſide of Skiddaw and its cub called Latter-rig; and ſaw from an eminence, at two miles diſtance, the vale of Elyſium in all its

its verdure; the ſun then playing on the boſom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its luſtre. Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's Head, and then ſtraggled out alone to the Parſonage, where I ſaw the ſun ſet in all its glory.

Oct. 3. A heavenly day; roſe at ſeven and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrowdale; the graſs was covered with a hoar-froſt, which ſoon melted and exhaled in a thin bluiſh ſmoke; croſſed the meadows, obliquely catching a diverſity of views among the hills over the lake and iſlands, and changing proſpect at every ten paces. Left Cockſhut (which we formerly mounted) and Caſtle-hill, a loftier and more rugged hill behind me, and drew near the foot of Walla-crag, whoſe bare and rocky brow cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet (as I gueſs, tho' the people call it much more) awfully overlooks the way. Our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently riſing and covered with a glade of ſcattering trees and buſhes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the moſt delicious view that my eyes ever beheld; oppoſite are the thick woods of Lord Egremont and Newland-valley, with green and ſmiling fields emboſomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of Borrowdale, with

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that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confuſion; beneath you and ſtretching far away to the right, the ſhining purity of the lake reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of hills, juſt ruffled by the breeze, enough to ſhew it is alive, with the white buildings of Keſwick, Croſthwaite church, and Skiddaw for a back ground at a diſtance. Behind you the magnificent heights of Walla-crag: here the glaſs played its part divinely, the place is called Carf-cloſe-reeds; and I choſe to ſet down theſe barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place, and eaſily find the particular ſtation that I mean. This ſcene continues to Barrow-gate; and a little farther, paſſing a brook called Barrow-beck, we entered Borrowdale: the crags named Lawdoor-banks begin now to impend terribly over your way, and more terribly when you hear that three years ſince an immenſe maſs of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all acceſs to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was paſſing at the time of this fall; but down the ſide of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie diſperſed the huge fragments of this ruin in all ſhapes and in all directions: ſomething farther we turned aſide into a coppice, aſcending a little in front of Lawdoor water-fall;

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the height appeared to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (theſe three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before: but then the ſtream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one ſide a towering crag that ſpired up to equal, if not overtop, the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in ſhade and darkneſs): on the other hand a rounder broader projecting hill ſhagged with wood, and illuminated by the ſun, which glanced ſideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We deſcended again and paſſed the ſtream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under Gowdar-crag, a hill more formidable to the eye, and to the apprehenſion, than that of Lawdoor; the rocks at top deep-cloven perpendicularly, by the rains, hanging looſe and nodding forwards, ſeem juſt ſtarting from their baſe in ſhivers. The whole way down, and the road on both ſides is ſtrewed with piles of the fragments ſtrangely thrown acroſs each other, and of a dreadful bulk; the place reminds me of thoſe paſſes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with ſpeed, and ſay nothing, leſt the agitation of the air ſhould looſen the ſnows above, and bring down a maſs that would overwhelm

a caravan. I took their counſel here and haſtened on in ſilence.

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e paſſa!

The hills here are cloathed all up their ſteep ſides with oak, aſh, birch, holly, &c. ſome of it has been cut forty years ago, ſome within theſe eight years; yet all is ſprung again, green, flouriſhing, and tall, for its age, in a place where no ſoil appears but the ſtaring rock, and where a man could ſcarce ſtand upright: here we met a civil young farmer overſeeing his reapers (for it is now oat-harveſt) who conducted us to a neat white houſe in the village of Grange, which is built on a riſing ground in the midſt of a valley; round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent clear as glaſs, and ſhewing under its bridge every trout that paſſes. Beſide the village riſes a round eminence of rock covered intirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Caſtle-crag, inveſted alſo with wood on its ſides, and bearing on its naked top ſome traces of a fort ſaid to be Roman. By the ſide of this hill, which almoſt blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left, and contracts its dimenſions till there is hardly any road but the rocky

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bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increaſes, and their ſummits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantaſtic forms; among them appear Eagle's-cliff, Dove's-neſt, Whitedale-pike, &c. celebrated names in the annals of Keſwick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to Sea-whaite (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right that leads to the Wadd-mines); all farther acceſs is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for ſome weeks in the year paſſable to the daleſmen; but the mountains know well that theſe innocent people will not reveal the myſteries of their antient kingdom, "the reign of Chaos and Old Night:" only I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to Ravenglas, and the other to Hawkſhead.

For me I went no farther than the farmer's (better than four miles from Keſwick) at Grange; his mother and he brought us butter that Siſerah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly diſh, bowls of milk, thin oaten-cakes, and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himſelf the man, that laſt year plundered the eagle's eyrie; all the dale are up in arms on ſuch an occaſion, for they loſe abundance

abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouſe, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the ſhelf of the rock on which the neſt was built, the people above ſhouting and hollowing to fright the old birds, which flew ſcreaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The neſt was roundiſh, and more than a yard over, made of twigs twiſted together. Seldom a year paſſes but they take the brood or eggs, and ſometimes they ſhoot one, ſometimes the other, parent; but the ſurvivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland) and they breed near the old place. By his deſcription I learn, that this ſpecies is the *Erne* the Vulture *Albicilla* of Linnæus, in his laſt edition, (but in yours *Falco Albicilla)* ſo conſult him and Pennant about it.

We returned leiſurely home the way we came; but ſaw a new landſcape; the features indeed were the ſame in part, but many new ones were diſcloſed by the mid-day ſun, and the tints were intirely changed: take notice this was the beſt, or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed; it was perfectly ſerene, and hot as midſummer.

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In the evening I walked alone down to the lake by the ſide of Crow-park after ſunſet, and ſaw the ſolemn colouring of night draw on, the laſt gleam of ſunſhine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep ſerene of the waters, and the long ſhadows of the mountains thrown acroſs them, till they nearly touched the hithermoſt ſhore. At a diſtance were heard the murmurs of many water-falls, not audible in the day-time; I wiſhed for the moon, but ſhe was *dark to me and ſilent*,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Oct. 4. I walked to Crow-park, now a rough paſture, once a glade of antient oaks, whoſe large roots ſtill remain on the ground, but nothing has ſprung from them. If one ſingle tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled ſpot; and Smith judged right, when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of Borrowdale. I prefer it even to Cockſhut-hill which lies beſide it, and to which I walked in the afternoon; it is covered with young trees both ſown and planted, oak, ſpruce, Scotch-fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an eaſy aſcent to

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the top, and the view far preferable to that on Caſtle-hill (which you remember) becauſe this is lower and nearer to the lake: for I find all points, that are much elevated, ſpoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive *. While I was here a little ſhower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the eaſt, and part of a bright rainbow ſeemed to riſe along the ſide of Caſtle-hill.

From hence I got to the Parſonage a little before ſunſet, and ſaw in my glaſs a picture, that if I could tranſmit

NOTE.

* The *Pictureſque Point* is always thus low in all proſpects: A truth, which though the Landſcape Painter knows, he cannot always obſerve; ſince the Patron who employs him to take a view of his place, uſually carries him to ſome elevation for that purpoſe, in order, I ſuppoſe, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I ſay this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing ſhould be made from the loweſt point poſſible; as for inſtance, in this very view, from the lake itſelf, for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account, when I ſailed on Derwentwater, I did not receive ſo much pleaſure from the ſuperb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traverſed its margin; and I therefore think he did not loſe much by not taking boat.

mit to you, and fix it in all the ſoftneſs of its living colours, would fairly ſell for a thouſand pounds. This is the ſweeteſt ſcene I can yet diſcover in point of paſtoral beauty; the reſt are in a ſublimer ſtyle.

Oct. 5. I walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent, and croſſing it went up How-hill; it looks along Baſſinthwait-water, and ſees at the ſame time the courſe of the river, and a part of the upper-lake, with a full view of Skiddaw; then I took my way through Portingſkall village to the Park, a hill ſo called, covered entirely with wood; it is all a maſs of crumbling ſlate. Paſſed round its foot between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninſula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways; in front riſes Walla-crag and Caſtle-hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw, and Saddleback. Returning, met a briſk and cold north-eaſtern blaſt that ruffled all the ſurface of the lake, and made it riſe in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles, or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Caſtle-rig, ſaw a Druid-circle of large ſtones, 108 feet in diameter, the biggeſt not eight feet high, but moſt of them ſtill erect;

erect; they are fifty in number *. The valley of St. John's appeared in ſight, and the ſummits of Catchidecam (called by Camden, Caſticand) and Helvellyn, ſaid to be as high as Skiddaw, and to riſe from a much higher baſe.

Oct. 6. Went in a chaiſe eight miles along the eaſt-ſide of Baſſingthwaite water to Ouſebridge (pronounced Ews-bridge); the road in ſome part made and very good, the reſt ſlippery and dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw: oppoſite to Widhopebrows, cloathed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keſwick, leſs broken into bays, and without iſlands †. At the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently ſloping upwards, ſtands Armathwate in a thick grove of Scotch-firs, commanding a noble view

NOTES.

* See this piece of antiquity more fully deſcribed, with a plate annexed, by Mr. Pennant in his Second Tour to Scotland in 1772, p. 38.

† It is ſomewhat extraordinary that Mr. Gray omitted to mention the iſlands on Derwentwater; one of which, I think they call it Vicars' Iſland, makes a principal object in the ſcene. See Smith's View of Derwentwater.

directly up the lake: at a ſmall diſtance behind the houſe is a large extent of wood, and ſtill behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the Keſwick proverb, *the ſun always ſhines*. The inhabitants here, on the contrary, call the vale of Derwentwater, *the Devil's Chamber-pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw-fell*, which terminates here, with a ſort of terror and averſion. Armathwate houſe is a modern fabrick, not large, and built of dark-red ſtone, belonging to Mr. Spedding, whoſe grandfather was ſteward to old Sir James Lowther, and bought this eſtate of the Himers. The ſky was overcaſt and the wind cool; ſo, after dining at a publick-houſe, which ſtands here near the bridge, (that croſſes the Derwent juſt where it iſſues from the lake) and ſauntering a little by the water-ſide, I came home again. The turnpike is finiſhed from Cockermouth hither, five miles, and is carrying on to Penrith: ſeveral little ſhowers to-day. A man came in, who ſaid there was ſnow on Croſs-fell this morning.

Oct. 7. I walked in the morning to Crow-park, and in the evening up Penrith road. The clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very dark, yet the moon ſhone at intervals. It was too damp to go towards

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the lake. To-morrow I mean to bid farewel to Keſwick.

Botany might be ſtudied here to great advantage at another ſeaſon, becauſe of the great variety of ſoils and elevations, all lying within a ſmall compaſs. I obſerved nothing but ſeveral curious lichens, and plenty of gale or Dutch myrtle perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the Wadd-mine had been opened, which is done once in five years; it is taken out in lumps ſometimes as big as a man's fiſt, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fuſible; when it is pure, ſoft, black, and cloſe-grained, it is worth ſometimes thirty ſhillings a pound. There are no char ever taken in theſe lakes, but plenty in Butter-mere-water, which lies a little way north of Borrowdale, about Martinmas, which are potted here. They ſow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and ſtill on the ground; the rains have done much hurt: yet obſerve, the ſoil is ſo thin and light, that no day has paſſed in which I could not walk out with eaſe, and you know I am no lover of dirt. Fell mutton is now in ſeaſon for about ſix weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly reſembles veniſon. Excellent pike

and perch, here called Baſs; trout is out of ſeaſon; partridge in great plenty.

Oct. 8. I left Keſwick and took the Ambleſide road in a gloomy morning; and about two miles from the town mounted an eminence called Caſtle-rigg, and the ſun breaking out, diſcovered the moſt enchanting view I have yet ſeen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains, all in their glory; ſo that I had almoſt a mind to have gone back again. The road in ſome few parts is not compleated, yet good country road, through ſound but narrow and ſtony lanes, very ſafe in broad day-light. This is the caſe about Cauſeway-foot, and among Naddle-fells to Lancwaite. The vale you go in has little breadth; the mountains are vaſt and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and ſee not the ſun by two hours in a day ſo long as at Keſwick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's-water, (called alſo Thirl-meer, or Wiborn-water) and ſoon deſcending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vaſt crags that ſcowl over it, though really clear as glaſs; it is narrow, and about three miles long, reſembling

reſembling a river in its courſe; little ſhining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, but not a buſh to overſhadow them, or cover their march; all is rock and looſe ſtones up to the very brow, which lies ſo near your way, that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be ſeen.

Next I paſſed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then iſſuing; ſoon after a beck near Dunmeil-raiſe, when I entered Weſtmoreland a ſecond time; and now began to ſee Holmcrag, diſtinguiſhed from its rugged neighbours, not ſo much by its height as by the ſtrange broken outlines of its top, like ſome gigantick building demoliſhed, and the ſtones that compoſed it flung croſs each other in wild confuſion. Juſt beyond it opens one of the ſweeteſt landſcapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The boſom of the mountains ſpreading here into a broad baſon diſcovers in the midſt Graſmere-water; its margin is hollowed into ſmall bays, with bold eminences; ſome of rock, ſome of ſoft turf, that half-conceal, and vary the figure of the little lake they command: from the ſhore, a low promontory puſhes itſelf far into the water, and on it ſtands a white village with the pariſh church riſing in the midſt of it: hanging incloſures, corn-fields,

and

and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole ſpace from the edge of the water: and juſt oppoſite to you is a large farm-houſe at the bottom of a ſteep ſmooth lawn, emboſomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's ſide, and diſcover above them a broken line of crags that crown the ſcene. Not a ſingle red tile, no flaring gentleman's houſe, or garden-walls, break in upon the repoſe of this little unſuſpected paradiſe; but all is peace, ruſticity, and happy poverty in its neateſt moſt becoming attire.

The road winds here over Graſmere-hill, whoſe rocks ſoon conceal the water from your ſight; yet it is continued along behind them, and, contracting itſelf to a river, communicates with Ridale-water, another ſmall lake, but of inferior ſize and beauty; it ſeems ſhallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road deſcends. On the oppoſite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills; and juſt to the left of our way ſtands Ridale-hall, the family-ſeat of Sir Michael Fleming, a large old-faſhioned fabrick, ſurrounded with wood. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber, far and wide, belongs to him. Near the houſe riſes a huge crag, called Ridale-

Ridale-head, which is ſaid to command a full view of Wynander-mere, and I doubt it not; for within a mile that great lake is viſible, even from the road: as to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

I now reached Ambleſide, eighteen miles from Keſwick, meaning to lie there; but, on looking into the beſt bed-chamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up Wynander-mere in deſpair, and reſolved I would go on to Kendal directly, fourteen miles farther *. The road in general fine turnpike, but ſome parts

NOTE.

* By not ſtaying a little at Ambleſide, Mr. Gray loſt the ſight of two moſt magnificent caſcades; the one not above half a mile behind the inn, the other down Ridale-crag, where Sir Michael Fleming is now making a path-way to the top of it. Theſe, when I ſaw them, were in full torrent, whereas Lawdoor water-fall, which I viſited in the evening of the very ſame day, was almoſt without a ſtream. Hence I conclude that this diſtinguiſhed feature in the vale of Keſwick, is, like moſt northern rivers, only in high beauty during bad weather. But his greateſt loſs was in not ſeeing a ſmall water-fall viſible only through the window of a ruined ſummer-houſe in Sir Michael's orchard. Here Nature has performed every thing in little that ſhe uſually executes

parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger.

For this determination I was unexpectedly well rewarded: for the afternoon was fine, and the road, for the ſpace of full five miles, ran along the ſide of Wynander-mere, with delicious views acroſs it, and almoſt from one end to the other. It is ten miles in length, and at moſt a mile over, reſembling the courſe of ſome vaſt and magnificent river; but no flat marſhy grounds, no oſier-beds, or patches of ſcrubby plantations on its banks: at the head two vallies open among the mountains; one, that by which we came down, the other Langſledale, in which Wry-noſe and Hard-knot, two great mountains, riſe above the reſt: from thence the fells

NOTE.

executes on her largeſt ſcale; and on that account, like the miniature painter, ſeems to have finiſhed every part of it in a ſtudied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the baſon, not a ſingle ſtem of bruſhwood that ſtarts from its craggy ſides but has its pictureſque meaning; and the little central ſtream daſhing down a cleft of the darkeſt-coloured ſtone, produces an effect of light and ſhadow beautiful beyond deſcription. This little theatrical ſcene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvaſs not bigger than thoſe which are uſually dropped in the Opera-houſe.

fells viſibly ſink, and ſoften along its ſides; ſometimes they run into it (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion: oftener they are green and cultivated, with farms interſperſed, and round eminences, on the border covered with trees: towards the ſouth it ſeemed to break into larger bays, with ſeveral iſlands and a wider extent of cultivation. The way riſes continually, till at a place called Orreſt-head it turns ſouth-eaſt, loſing ſight of the water.

Paſſed by Ing's-Chapel and Staveley; but I can ſay no farther, for the duſk of evening coming on, I entered Kendal almoſt in the dark, and could diſtinguiſh only a ſhadow of the caſtle on a hill, and tenter-grounds ſpread far and wide round the town, which I miſtook for houſes. My inn promiſed ſadly, having two wooden galleries, like Scotland, in front of it: it was indeed an old ill-contrived houſe, but kept by civil ſenſible people; ſo I ſtayed two nights with them, and fared and ſlept very comfortably.

Oct. 9. The air mild as ſummer, all corn off the ground, and the ſky-larks ſinging aloud (by the way, I ſaw not one at Keſwick, perhaps becauſe the place abounds in birds of prey). I went up the caſtle-hill; the

the town conſiſts chiefly of three nearly parallel ſtreets, almoſt a mile long; except theſe, all the other houſes ſeem as if they had been dancing a country-dance, and were out: there they ſtand back to back, corner to corner, ſome up hill, ſome down, without intent or meaning. Along by their ſide runs a fine briſk ſtream, over which are three ſtone bridges; the buildings (a few comfortable houſes excepted) are mean, of ſtone, and covered with a bad rough caſt. Near the end of the town ſtands a handſome houſe of Col. Wilſon's, and adjoining to it the church, a very large gothick fabrick, with a ſquare tower; it has no particular ornaments but double iſles, and at the eaſt-end four chapels or choirs; one of the Parrs, another of the Stricklands; the third is the proper choir of the church, and the fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. There is an altar-tomb of one of them dated 1577, with a flat braſs, arms and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone, arg. a hunting-horn, ſab. ſtrung gules. In the Stricklands' chapel ſeveral modern monuments, and another old altar-tomb, not belonging to the family: on the ſide of it a feſs dancetty between ten billets, Deincourt. In the Parrs' chapel is a third altar-tomb in the corner, no figure or inſcription, but on the ſide, cut in ſtone, an eſcutcheon of Roos of Kendal,

(three

(three water-budgets) quartering Parr (two bars in a bordure engrailed); 2dly, an eſcutcheon, vaire, a feſs for Marmion; 3dly, an eſcutcheon, three chevronels braced, and a chief (which I take for Fitzhugh): at the foot is an eſcutcheon, ſurrounded with the garter, bearing Roos and Parr quarterly, quartering the other two before-mentioned. I have no books to look in, therefore cannot ſay whether this is the Lord Parr of Kendal, Queen Catharine's father, or her brother the Marquis of Northampton: perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter who was buried at Warwick in 1571. The remains of the caſtle are ſeated on a fine hill on the ſide of the river oppoſite the town; almoſt the whole incloſure of the walls remains, with four towers, two ſquare and two round, but their upper part and embattlements are demoliſhed: it is of rough ſtone and cement, without any ornament or arms, round, incloſing a court of like form, and ſurrounded by a moat; nor ever could it have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley thro' which it winds.

After dinner I went along the Milthrop turnpike, four miles, to ſee the falls, or force, of the river Kent; came to Sizergh, (pronounced Siſer) and turned down

a lane to the left. This ſeat of the Stricklands, an old Catholick family, is an ancient hall-houſe, with a very large tower embattled; the reſt of the buildings added to it are of later date, but all is white, and ſeen to advantage on a back ground of old trees; there is a ſmall park alſo well wooded. Oppoſite to this, turning to the left, I ſoon came to the river; it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. The calmneſs and brightneſs of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron-forge not far diſtant, made it a ſingular walk; but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not four feet high. I went on, down to the forge, and ſaw the demons at work by the light of their own fires: the iron is brought in pigs to Milthrop by ſea from Scotland, &c. and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles further, at Levens, is the ſeat of Lord Suffolk, where he ſometimes paſſes the ſummer: it was a favourite place of his late Counteſs; but this I did not ſee.

Oct. 10. I proceeded by Burton to Lancaſter, twenty-two miles; very good country, well incloſed and wooded, with ſome common interſperſed. Paſſed at the foot of Farlton-knot, a high fell four miles north of Lancaſter; on a riſing ground called Boulton (pronounced Bouton)

Bouton) we had a full view of Cartmell-ſands, with here and there a paſſenger riding over them (it being low water); the points of Furneſs ſhooting far into the ſea, and lofty mountains, partly covered with clouds, extending north of them. Lancaſter alſo appeared very conſpicuous and fine; for its moſt diſtinguiſhed features, the caſtle and church, mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be ſeen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the ſecond day of their fair; the inn, in the principal ſtreet, was a great old gloomy houſe full of people; but I found tolerable quarters, and even ſlept two nights in peace.

In a fine afternoon I aſcended the caſtle-hill; it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it ſtands, and is irregularly round, encompaſſed with a deep moat: in front, towards the town, is a magnificent gothick gateway, lofty and huge; the overhanging battlements are ſupported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through, and ſhewing the day from above. On its top riſe light watch-towers of ſmall height. It opens below with a grand pointed arch; over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtleſs once containing its founder's figure; on one ſide a ſhield of France ſemy-quartered with England; on the other the ſame, with a label, ermine,

mine, for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the county-gaol, and full of priſoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vaſt ſquare tower of great height, the lower part at leaſt of remote antiquity; for it has ſmall round-headed lights with plain ſhort pillars on each ſide of them: there is a third tower, alſo ſquare and of leſs dimenſions. This is all the caſtle. Near it, and but little lower, ſtands the church, a large and plain gothick fabrick; the high ſquare tower at the weſt-end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the ſame ſtyle: there are no ornaments of arms, &c. any where to be ſeen; within, it is lightſome and ſpacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glaſs is left. From the church-yard there is an extenſive ſea-view, (for now the tide had almoſt covered the ſands, and filled the river) and beſides the greateſt part of Furneſs, I could diſtinguiſh Peel-caſtle on the iſle of Fowdrey, which lies off its ſouthern extremity. The town is built on the ſlope, and at the foot of the caſtle-hill, more than twice the bigneſs of Aukland, with many neat buildings of white ſtone, but a little diſorderly in their poſition, and "ad libitum," like Kendal: many alſo extend below on the keys by the

the river-ſide, where a number of ſhips were moored, ſome of them three-maſted veſſels decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the Lune, that runs, when the tide is out, in two ſtreams divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in ſpring-tides; below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the ſea at five or ſix miles diſtance to ſouth-weſt.

Oct. 11. I croſſed the river and walked over a peninſula, three miles, to the village of Pooton, which ſtands on the beach. An old fiſherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of paſſing thoſe ſands) told me, in his dialect, a moving ſtory; how a brother of the trade, a Cockler, as he ſtyled him, driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horſeback following, ſet out one day to paſs the ſeven-mile ſands, as they had frequently been uſed to do, (for no body in the village knew them better than the old man did); when they were about half-way over, a thick fog roſe, and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected: the old man was puzzled; he ſtopped, and ſaid he would go a little way to find ſome mark he was acquainted

quainted with; they ſtaid a while for him; but in vain; they called aloud, but no reply: at laſt the young women preſſed their mother to think where they were, and go on; ſhe would not leave the place; ſhe wandered about forlorn and amazed; ſhe would not quit her horſe and get into the cart with them: they determined, after much time waſted, to turn back, and give themſelves up to the guidance of their horſes. The old woman was ſoon waſhed off, and periſhed; the poor girls clung cloſe to their cart, and the horſe, ſometimes wading and ſometimes ſwimming, brought them back to land alive, but ſenſeleſs with terror and diſtreſs, and unable for many days to give any account of themſelves. The bodies of their parents were found next ebb; that of the father a very few paces diſtant from the ſpot where he had left them.

In the afternoon I wandered about the town, and by the key, till it grew dark.

Oct. 12. I ſet out for Settle by a fine turnpike-road, twenty-nine miles, through a rich and beautiful incloſed country, diverſified with frequent villages and churches, very unequal ground; and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks cloathed

cloathed with fine woods, thro' which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a conſiderable height above it. In the moſt pictureſque part of the way, I paſſed the park belonging to the Hon. Mr. Clifford, a Catholick. The grounds between him and the river are indeed charming *; the houſe is ordinary, and the park nothing but a rocky fell ſcattered over with antient hawthorns. Next I came to Hornby, a little town on the river Wanning, over which a handſome bridge is now building; the caſtle, in a lordly ſituation, attracted me, ſo I walked up the hill to it: firſt preſents itſelf a large white ordinary ſaſhed Gentle-

NOTE.

* This ſcene opens juſt three miles from Lancaſter, on what is called the Queen's Road. To ſee the view in perfection, you muſt go into a field on the left. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of leſſer mountains, makes the back-ground of the proſpect: on each hand of the middle diſtance, riſe two ſloping hills; the left cloathed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage: between them, in the moſt fertile of vallies, the Lune ſerpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, thro' a well-wooded and richly-paſtured fore-ground. Every feature, which conſtitutes a perfect landſcape of the extenſive ſort, is here not only boldly marked, but alſo in its beſt poſition.

man's houſe, and behind it riſes the antient Keep, built by Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle. He died about 1529, in King Henry the Eighth's time. It is now only a ſhell, the rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding ſtone-ſtair-caſe in one corner to the leads, and at the angle is a ſingle hexagon watch-tower, riſing ſome feet higher, fitted up in the taſte of a modern ſummer-houſe, with ſaſh-windows in gilt frames, a ſtucco cupola, and on the top a vaſt gilt eagle, built by Mr. Charteris, the preſent poſſeſſor. He is the ſecond ſon of the Earl of Wemys, brother to the Lord Elcho, and grandſon to Col. Charteris, whoſe name he bears.

From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the caſtle. Ingleborough, which I had ſeen before diſtinctly at Lancaſter to north-eaſt, was now completely wrapped in clouds, all but its ſummit; which might have been eaſily miſtaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching ſtorm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the Apennine, the trees growing leſs and thinner of leaves, till we came to Ingleton, eighteen miles; it is a pretty village, ſituated very high, and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge monſter of nature,

Ingle-

Ingleborough: two torrents croſs it, with great ſtones rolled along their beds inſtead of water; and over them are flung two handſome arches. The nipping air, tho' the afternoon was growing very bright, now taught us we were in Craven, the road was all up and down, tho' no where very ſteep; to the left were mountain-tops, to the right a wide valley, all incloſed ground, and beyond it high hills again. In approaching Settle, the crags on the left drew nearer to our way, till we deſcended Brunton-brow into a chearful valley (though thin of trees) to Giggleſwick, a village with a ſmall piece of water by its ſide, covered over with coots; near it a church, which belongs alſo to Settle; and half a mile farther, having paſſed the Ribble over a bridge, I arrived there; it is a ſmall market-town ſtanding directly under a rocky fell; there are not in it above a dozen good-looking houſes, the reſt are old and low, with little wooden porticos in front. My inn pleaſed me much, (though ſmall) for the neatneſs and civility of the good woman that kept it; ſo I lay there two nights, and went,

Oct. 13. To viſit Gordale-ſcar, which lay ſix miles from Settle; but that way was directly over a fell, and as the weather was not to be depended on, I went round

a chaiſe, the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full thirteen miles, half of it ſuch a road! but I got ſafe over it, ſo there's an end, and came to Malham, (pronounced Maum) a village in the boſom of the mountains, ſeated in a wild and dreary valley. From thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand; on the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and ſcratched an ear with its hind foot in a place where I would not have ſtood ſtock-ſtill

For all beneath the moon.

As I advanced, the crags ſeemed to cloſe in, but diſcovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them: I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opened again into no large ſpace; and then all farther way is barred by a ſtream that, at the height of about fifty feet, guſhes from a hole in the rock, and ſpreading in large ſheets over its broken front, daſhes from ſteep to ſteep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley: the rock on the left riſes perpendicular, with ſtubbed yew-trees and ſhrubs ſtaring from its ſide, to the height of at leaſt 300 feet; but theſe are not the thing: it is the rock to the right, under which you ſtand to ſee the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very baſe it begins to ſlope forwards

wards over you in one block or ſolid maſs without any crevice in its ſurface, and overſhadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy; when I ſtood at (I believe) four yards diſtance from its foot, the drops, which perpetually diſtil from its brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top, more expoſed to the weather, there are looſe ſtones that hang in air, and threaten viſibly ſome idle ſpectator with inſtant deſtruction; it is ſafer to ſhelter yourſelf cloſe to its bottom, and truſt to the mercy of that enormous maſs which nothing but an earthquake can ſtir. The gloomy uncomfortable day well ſuited the ſavage aſpect of the place, and made it ſtill more formidable: I ſtayed there, not without ſhuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impreſſion will laſt for life. At the ale-houſe where I dined in Malham, Vivares, the landſcape-painter, had lodged for a week or more; Smith and Bellers had alſo been there, and two prints of Gordale have been engraved by them.

Oct. 14. Leaving my comfortable inn, to which I had returned from Gordale, I ſet out for Skipton, ſixteen miles. From ſeveral parts of the road, and in many places about Settle, I ſaw at once the three famous hills of this country, Ingleborough, Penigent, and

and Pendle; the firſt is eſteemed the higheſt, and their features not to be deſcribed, but by the pencil *.

Craven, after all, is an unpleaſing country when ſeen from a height; its valleys are chiefly wide, and either

NOTE.

* Without the pencil nothing indeed is to be deſcribed with preciſion; and even then that pencil ought to be in the very hand of the writer, ready to ſupply with outlines every thing that his pen cannot expreſs by words. As far as language can deſcribe, Mr. Gray has, I think, puſhed its powers: For rejecting, as I before hinted, every general unmeaning and hyperbolical phraſe, he has ſelected (both in this journal, and on other ſimilar occaſions) the plaineſt, ſimpleſt, and moſt direct terms: yet notwithſtanding his judicious care, in the uſe of theſe, I muſt own I feel them defective. They preſent me, it is true, with a picture of the ſame ſpecies, but not with the identical picture: my imagination receives clear and diſtinct, but not true and exact images. It may be aſked then, why am I entertained by well-written deſcriptions? I anſwer, becauſe they amuſe when they do not inform me; and becauſe, after I have ſeen the places deſcribed, they ſerve to recal to my memory the original ſcene, almoſt as well as the trueſt drawing or picture. In the meanwhile, my mind is flattered by thinking it has acquired ſome conception of the place, and reſts contented in

either marſhy or incloſed paſture, with a few trees. Numbers of black cattle are fatted here, both of the Scotch breed, and a larger ſort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground, except a few oats.

Skipton,

NOTE.

in an innocent error, which nothing but ocular proof can detect, and which, when detected, does not diminiſh the pleaſure I had before received, but augments it by ſuper-adding the charms of compariſon and verification; and herein I would place the real and only merit of verbal proſe deſcription. To ſpeak of poetical, would lead me beyond the limits as well as the purpoſe of this note. I cannot, however, help adding, that I have ſeen one piece of verbal deſcription which completely ſatisfies me, becauſe it is throughout aſſiſted by maſterly delineation. It is compoſed by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, of Cheam in Surry; and contains, amongſt other places, an account of the very ſcenes which, in this tour, our author viſited. This Gentleman, poſſeſſing the conjoined talent of a writer and a deſigner, has employed them in this manuſcript to every purpoſe of pictureſque beauty, in the deſcription of which a correct eye, a practiſed pencil, and an eloquent pen could aſſiſt him. He has, conſequently, produced a work *unique* in its kind. But I have ſaid it is in manuſcript, and, I am afraid, likely to continue ſo; for would his modeſty permit him to print it, the great expence of plates would make its publication almoſt impracticable.

Skipton, to which I went through Long-Preſton and Gargrave, is a pretty large market-town, in a valley, with one very broad ſtreet gently ſloping downwards from the caſtle, which ſtands at the head of it. This is one of our good Counteſs's buildings *, but on old foundations; it is not very large, but of a handſome antique appearance, with round towers, a grand gateway, bridge, and moat, ſurrounded by many old trees. It is in good repair, and kept up as a habitation of the Earl of Thanet, though he rarely comes thither: what with the ſleet, and a fooliſh diſpute about chaiſes, that delayed me, I did not ſee the inſide of it, but went on, fifteen miles, to Otley; firſt up Shode-bank, the ſteepeſt hill I ever ſaw a road carried over in England, for it mounts in a ſtrait line (without any other repoſe for the horſes than by placing ſtones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile; then the road goes on a level along the brow of this high hill over Rumbald-moor, till it gently deſcends into Wharldale, ſo they call the vale of the Wharf, and a beautiful vale it is, well-wooded, well-cultivated, well-inhabited, but with high crags at a diſtance, that border the green country on either hand; through the midſt of it, deep, clear,

NOTE.

* Anne Counteſs of Pembroke and Montgomery.

clear, full to the brink, and of no inconſiderable breadth, runs in long windings the river. How it comes to paſs that it ſhould be ſo fine and copious a ſtream here, and at Tadcaſter (ſo much lower) ſhould have nothing but a wide ſtony channel without water, I cannot tell you. I paſſed thro' Long-Addingham, Ilkeley (pronounced Eecly) diſtinguiſhed by a lofty brow of looſe rocks to the right; Burley, a neat and pretty village, among trees; on the oppoſite ſide of the river lay Middleton-Lodge, belonging to a catholic gentleman of that name; Weſton, a venerable ſtone fabric, with large offices, of Mr. Vavaſour, the meadows in front gently deſcending to the water, and behind a great and ſhady wood; Farnley (Mr. Fawkes's) a place like the laſt, but larger, and riſing higher on the ſide of the hill. Otley is a large airy town, with clean but low ruſtic buildings, and a bridge over the Wharf; I went into its ſpacious Gothic church, which has been new-roofed, with a flat ſtucco-ceiling; in a corner of it is the monument of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and Helen Aſke, his Lady, deſcended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph ſays; the figures, not ill-cut (particularly his in armour, but bare-headed) lie on the tomb. I take them to be the parents of the famous Sir Thomas Fairfax.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

April 18, 1770.

I Have utterly forgot where my Journal left off, but I think it was after the account of Gordale near Settle; if ſo, there was little more worth your notice: the principal things were Wharldale, in the way from Skipton to Otley, and Kirkſtall abbey, three miles from Leeds * * * * †. Kirkſtall is a noble ruin in the Semi-ſaxon ſtyle of building, as old as King Stephen, towards the end of his reign, 1152. The whole church is ſtill ſtanding, the roof excepted, ſeated in a delicious quiet valley, on the banks of the river Aire, and preſerved with religious reverence by the Duke of Montagu. Adjoining to the church, between that and the river, are variety of chapels and remnants of the abbey, ſhattered by the encroachments of the ivy, and ſurrounded by many a ſturdy tree, whoſe twiſted roots break thro' the fret of the vaulting, and hang ſtreaming from the roofs. The gloom of theſe antient cells, the ſhade and verdure

NOTE.

† Here a paragraph, deſcribing Wharldale in the foregoing Journal, was repeated.

verdure of the landſcape, the glittering and murmur of the ſtream, the lofty towers and long perſpectives of the church, in the midſt of a clear bright day, detained me for many hours; and were the trueſt objects for my glaſs I have yet met with any where. As I lay at that ſmoky, ugly, buſy town of Leeds, I dropped all further thoughts of my Journal; and after paſſing two days at Maſon's (tho' he was abſent) purſued my way by Nottingham, Leiceſter, Harborough, Kettering, Thrapſton, and Huntingdon to Cambridge, where I arrived on the 22d of October, having met with no rain to ſignify till this laſt day of my journey. There's luck for you!

I do think of ſeeing Wales this ſummer, having never found my ſpirits lower than at preſent, and feeling that motion and change of the ſcene is abſolutely neceſſary to me; I will make Aſton in my way to Cheſter, and ſhall rejoice to meet you there the laſt week in May. Maſon writes me word that he wiſhes it; and though his old houſe is down, and his new one not up, propoſes to receive us like Princes in grain.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS *.

I Received your letter at Southampton; and as I would wiſh to treat every body, according to their own rule and meaſure of good breeding, have, againſt my inclination, waited till now before I anſwered it, purely out of fear and reſpect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuſe, accept it at leaſt as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the ſea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no ſnow has been ſeen to lie there for theſe thirty years paſt; the myrtles grow in the ground againſt the houſes, and Guernſey lilies bloom in

NOTE.

* This letter was written the 19th of November, 1764; but as it delineates another abbey, in a different manner, it ſeems to make no improper companion to that which precedes it.

in every window: the town, clean and well-built, ſurrounded by its old ſtone-walls, with their towers and gateways, ſtands at the point of a peninſula, and opens full ſouth to an arm of the ſea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, ſtretches away in direct view, till it joins the Britiſh Channel; it is ſkirted on either ſide with gently-riſing grounds, cloathed with thick wood, and directly croſs its mouth riſe the high lands of the Iſle of Wight at diſtance, but diſtinctly ſeen. In the boſom of the woods (concealed from prophane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Nettely abbey; there may be richer and greater houſes of religion, but the Abbot is content with his ſituation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the ſhade of thoſe old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking ſlowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the ſouls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow ſtill deſcending) nods a thicket of oaks that maſk the building, and have excluded a view too gariſh and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering ſea. Did you not obſerve how, as that white ſail ſhot by and was loſt, he turned and croſſed himſelf to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that diſtraction in his way? I ſhould tell

you

you that the ferryman who rowed me, a luſty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world paſs a night at the abbey (there were ſuch things ſeen near it) though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Saliſbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge: But of theſe things I ſay no more, they will be publiſhed at the Univerſity preſs.

P. S. I muſt not cloſe my letter without giving you one principal event of my hiſtory; which was, that (in the courſe of my late tour) I ſet out one morning before five o'clock, the moon ſhining through a dark and miſty autumnal air, and got to the ſea-coaſt time enough to be at the Sun's Levee. I ſaw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great ſmoky wreathes, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the ſands) firſt whitening, then ſlightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of inſufferable brightneſs that (before I can write theſe five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be diſtinctly ſeen *.

It

NOTE.

* This puts me in mind of a ſimilar deſcription written by Dr. Jeremy Taylor, which I ſhall here beg leave to preſent

It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I ſhall remember it as long as the ſun, or at leaſt as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever ſaw it before? I hardly believe it.

LETTER VII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, July 2, 1770.

I Rejoice to hear that you are reſtored to better ſtate of health, to your books, and to your muſe once again. That forced diſſipation and exerciſe we are obliged

NOTE.

ſent to the reader, who will find by it that the old Divine had occaſionally as much power of deſcription as even our modern Poet. "As when the ſun approaches towards the "gates of the morning, he firſt opens a little eye of heaven, "and ſends away the ſpirits of darkneſs; gives light to the "cock, and calls up the lark to mattins; and by and by "gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eaſtern "hills, thruſting out his golden horns * * *; and ſtill (while "a man tells the ſtory) the ſun gets up higher till he ſhews "a fair face and a full light." J. Taylor's Holy Dying, p. 17.

obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almoſt as bad as the diſtemper we would cure; yet I too have been conſtrained of late to purſue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head, (a ſenſation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of ſpirits. This, Sir, is the only excuſe I have to make you for my long ſilence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourſelf) any ſecret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the ſpecimen you ſo kindly ſent me of your new Poem *: On the contrary, if I had ſeen any thing of importance to diſapprove, I ſhould have haſtened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have ſeen, and wiſh to ſee more. The deſign is ſimple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet ſeems ſomehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when neceſſity has driven him to take up the harp, and aſſume the profeſſion of a Minſtrel, do ſome great and ſingular ſervice to his country? (what ſervice I muſt leave to your invention) ſuch as no General, no Stateſman, no Moraliſt could do without the aid of muſic, inſpiration, and poetry. This

NOTE.

* This letter was written in anſwer to one that incloſed only a part of the firſt book of the Minſtrel in manuſcript, and I believe a ſketch of Mr. Beattie's plan for the whole.

This will not appear an improbability in thoſe early times, and in a character then held ſacred, and reſpected by all nations: Beſides, it will be a full anſwer to all the Hermit has ſaid, when he diſſuaded him from cultivating theſe pleaſing arts; it will ſhew their uſe, and make the beſt panegyrick of our favourite and celeſtial ſcience. And laſtly, (what weighs moſt with me) it will throw more of action, pathos, and intereſt into your deſign, which already abounds in reflection and ſentiment. As to deſcription, I have always thought that it made the moſt graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the ſubject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furniſh truly pictureſque ſcenery. Some trifles in the language or verſification you will permit me to remark. * * *

I will not enter at preſent into the merits of your *Eſſay on Truth*, becauſe I have not yet given it all the attention it deſerves, though I have read it through with pleaſure; beſides, I am partial; for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much miſchief here as he has in his own

NOTE.

* * * A few paragraphs of particular criticiſm are here omitted.

country. A turbid and ſhallow ſtream often appears to our apprehenſions very deep. A profeſſed ſceptic can be guided by nothing but his preſent paſſions (if he has any) and intereſts; and to be maſters of his philoſophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the ſame thing, without any ſtudy at all. Is not that *naivetè* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that unhappily has been taught to read and write? That childiſh nation, the French, have given him vogue and faſhion, and we, as uſual, have learned from them to admire him at ſecond hand. *

LETTER

NOTE.

* On a ſimilar ſubject Mr. Gray expreſſes himſelf thus in a letter to Mr. Walpole, dated March 17, 1771: "He muſt "have a very good ſtomach that can digeſt the *Crambe re-* "*cocta* of Voltaire. Atheiſm is a vile diſh, though all the "cooks of France combine to make new ſauces to it. As "to the Soul, perhaps they may have none on the Conti- "nent; but I do think we have ſuch things in England. "Shakeſpear, for example, I believe had ſeveral to his own "ſhare. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork) I like "them becauſe they are better chriſtians than Voltaire." This was written only three months before his death; and I inſert it to ſhew how conſtant and uniform he was in his contempt of infidel writers. Dr. Beattie received only one

letter

LETTER VIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. HOW*.

Cambridge, Sept. 10, 1763.

I Ought long ſince to have made you my acknowledgments for the obliging teſtimonies of your eſteem that you have conferred upon me; but Count Algarotti's

NOTES.

letter more from his correſpondent, dated March 8, 1771. It related to the firſt book of the Minſtrel, now ſent to him in print, and contained criticiſms on particular paſſages, and commendations of particular ſtanzas. Thoſe criticiſms the author attended to in a future edition, becauſe his good taſte found that they deſerved his attention; the paſſages therefore being altered, the ſtrictures die of courſe. As to the notes of commendation, the Poem itſelf abounds with ſo many ſtriking beauties, that they need not even the hand of Mr. Gray to point them out to a reader of any feeling: all therefore that I ſhall print of that letter, is the concluding paragraph relating to his Eſſay on the Immutability of Truth. "I am happy to hear of your ſucceſs in another "way, becauſe I think you are ſerving the cauſe of human "nature, and the true intereſts of mankind; your book is "read here too, and with juſt applauſe."

* This letter and the following, if received earlier, would have found their place, according to their dates, in the fourth Section;

books † did not come to my hands till the end of July, and ſince that time I have been prevented by illneſs from doing any of my duties. I have read them more than once, with increaſing ſatisfaction; and ſhould wiſh mankind had eyes to deſcry the genuine ſources of their own pleaſures, and judgment to know the extent that nature has preſcribed to them: If this were the caſe, it would be their intereſt to appoint Count Algarotti their "Arbiter Elegantiarum." He is highly civil to our nation; but there is one point in which he does not do us juſtice; I am the more ſolicitous about it, becauſe it relates to the only taſte we can call our own; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleaſure, I mean our ſkill in gardening, or rather laying out grounds; and this is no ſmall honour to us, ſince neither Italy nor France have ever had the leaſt notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they ſee it. That the Chineſe

NOTES.

Section; but I chooſe rather to print them here, out of place, than to reſerve them for another edition, that the purchaſers of this may not have hereafter cauſe to complain that the book was incomplete.

† Three ſmall treatiſes on Painting, the Opera, and the French Academy for Painters in Italy; they have been ſince collected in the Leghorn edition of his works.

neſe have this beautiful art in high perfection, ſeems very probable from the Jeſuits' Letters, and more from Chambers's little diſcourſe, publiſhed ſome years ago *; but it is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had any thing but nature for our model. It is not forty years ſince the art was born among us †; and it is ſure that there was nothing in Europe like it; and as ſure, we then had no information on this head from China at all ‡.

I ſhall rejoice to ſee you in England, and talk over theſe and many other matters with you at leiſure. Do not

NOTES.

* The author has ſince enlarged, and publiſhed it under the title of a Diſſertation on Oriental Gardening; in which he has put it out of all doubt, that the Chineſe and Engliſh taſtes are totally diſſimilar.

† See Mr. Walpole's hiſtory of this art at the end of the laſt volume of his Anecdotes of Painters, when he favours the world with its publication.

‡ I queſtion whether this be not ſaying too much. Sir William Temple's account of the Chineſe gardens was publiſhed ſome years before this period; and it is probable that might have promoted our endeavours, not indeed of imitating them, but of imitating (what he ſaid was their archetype) Nature.

not deſpair of your health, becauſe you have not found all the effects you had promiſed yourſelf from a finer climate. I have known people who have experienced the ſame thing, and yet, at their return, have loſt all their complaints as by miracle.

P. S. I have anſwered Count Algarotti's letter, and his to Mr. Maſon I conveyed to him; but whether he has received his books, I have not yet heard.

Mr. How, on receiving the foregoing letter, communicated the objection which it contained to the Count; who, admitting the juſtneſs of it, altered the paſſage, as appears from the following extract of the anſwer which he ſent to that Gentleman.

" Mi ſpiace ſolamente che quella critica concernente " i Giardini Ingleſi non la abbia fatta á me medeſimo; " quaſi egli doveſſe credermi piu amico della mia " opinione che della veritá. Ecco, come ho cangiato " qual luogo. Dopo le parole *nel teſſer la favola di un* " *poema*. " Simili ai Giardini della Cina ſono quelli " che piantano gl' Ingleſi dietro al medeſimo modello " della Natura." Quanto ella ha di vago, é di vario,

" boſchetti,

" boſchetti, collinette, acque vive, praterie con dei
" tempietti, degli obeliſchi, ed anche di belle rovine
" che ſpuntano quá e lá, ſi trova quivi reunito dal guſto
" dei Kent, e dei Chambers*, che hanno di tanto
" ſorpaſſato il le Nautre, tenuto giá il maeſtro dell'
" Architettura, diro coſi, dé Giardini. Dalle Ville
" d'Inghilterra é ſbandita la ſimmetria Franceſe, i più
" bei ſiti pajono naturali, il culto é miſto col negletto,
" é il diſordine che vi regna é l'effetto dell' arte la
" meglio ordinata."

It is ſeldom that an author of a reputation ſo eſtabliſhed (as Mr. How truly remarked, when he ſent this extract to Mr. Gray) ſo eaſily, readily, and explicitly gives up his own opinion to that of another, or even to conviction itſelf; nor perhaps would Count Algarotti have done ſo, had he not been thoroughly apprized to whoſe correction he ſubmitted.

LETTER

NOTE.

* As he had written on the ſubject, this miſtake was natural enough in Count Algarotti.

LETTER IX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. HOW.

Pembroke-Hall, Jan. 12, 1768.

I Was willing to go through the eight volumes of Count Algarotti's works, which you lately preſented to the library of this College, before I returned you an anſwer: this muſt be my excuſe to you for my ſilence. Firſt I condole with you, that ſo neat an edition ſhould ſwarm in almoſt every page with errors of the preſs, not only in notes and citations from Greek, Engliſh, and French authors, but in the Italian text itſelf, greatly to the diſreputation of the Leghorn publiſhers. This is the only reaſon, I think, that could make an edition in England neceſſary; but, I doubt, you would not find the matter much mended here; our preſſes, as they improve in beauty, declining daily in accuracy; beſides, you would find the expence very conſiderable, and the ſale in no proportion to it, as, in reality, it is but few people in England that read currently and with pleaſure the Italian tongue, and the fine old editions of their capital writers are ſold at London for a lower price than they bear in Italy. An Engliſh tranſlation I can by

by no means adviſe; the juſtneſs of thought and good ſenſe might remain, but the graces of elocution (which make a great part of Algarotti's merit) would be entirely loſt, and that merely from the very different genius and complexion of the two languages.

Doubtleſs there can be no impropriety in your making the ſame preſent to the Univerſity that you have done to your own College. You need not at all to fear for the reputation of your friend, he has merit enough to recommend him in any country. A tincture of various ſorts of knowledge, an acquaintance with all the beautiful arts, an eaſy command, a preciſion, warmth, and richneſs of expreſſion, and a judgment that is rarely miſtaken on any ſubject to which he applies it. I had read the *Congreſſo di Citéra* before, and was exceſſively pleaſed with it, in ſpite of prejudice; for I am naturally no friend to allegory, nor to poetical proſe. The *Giudicio d'Amore* is an addition rather inferior to it. What gives me the leaſt pleaſure of any of his writings is the *Newtonianiſm*; it is ſo direct an imitation of Fontenelle, a writer not eaſy to imitate, and leaſt of all in the Italian tongue, whoſe character and graces are of a higher ſtyle, and never adapt themſelves eaſily to the elegant *badinage* and *legereté* of converſation that ſit ſo well

well on the French. The eſſays and letters (many of them entirely new to me) *on the Arts*, are curious and entertaining: Thoſe on other ſubjects, (even where the thoughts are not new, but borrowed from his various reading and converſation) often better put, and better expreſſed than in the originals. I rejoice when I ſee Machiavel defended or illuſtrated, who to me appears one of the wiſeſt men that any nation in any age has produced. Moſt of the other diſcourſes, military or political, are well worth reading, though that on Kouli-Khan was a mere jeu d'eſprit, a ſort of hiſtorical exerciſe. The letters from Ruſſia I had read before with pleaſure, particularly the narrative of Munick's and Laſcy's campaigns. The detached thoughts are often new and juſt; but there ſhould have been a reviſal of them, as they are frequently to be found in his letters repeated in the very ſame words. Some too of the familiar letters might have been ſpared. The verſes are not equal to the proſe, but they are above mediocrity.

LETTER

LETTER X*.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

IT is long ſince that I heard you were gone in haſte into Yorkſhire on account of your mother's illneſs, and the ſame letter informed me that ſhe was recovered, otherwiſe I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had diſcovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a ſingle mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite obſervation. You are a green goſling! I was at the ſame age (very near) as wiſe as you, and yet I never diſcovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and ſeems but as yeſterday, and every day I live it ſinks deeper into my heart †. Many a

NOTES.

* This letter was written ſome years before, and would have been inſerted after Letter LIII. of the fourth Section, if received in time.

† He ſeldom mentioned his Mother without a ſigh. After his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk

a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your uſe, (not for my own) but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourſelf. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourſelf as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkſhire. For me, I paſſed the end of May and all June in Kent, not diſagreeably. In the weſt part of it, from every eminence, the eye catches ſome long reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their ſhipping: in the eaſt the ſea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white tranſient ſails and glittering blue expance with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This ſentence is ſo fine I am quite aſhamed; but no matter! You muſt tranſlate it into proſe. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding ſleeve. I do not tell you of the great and ſmall beaſts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, becauſe you do not ſuſpect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and ſuch two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very diſconſolate,

NOTE.

trunk in his apartments juſt as ſhe had left them; it ſeemed as if he could never take the reſolution to open it, in order to diſtribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

ſolate, and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me: you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c. &c. I muſt not wiſh for you here; beſides I am going to Town at Michaelmas, by no means for amuſement.

LETTER XI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke-Hall, Jan. 26, 1771.

I Rejoice you have met with Froiſſart, he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age; had he but had the luck of writing in as good a language, he might have been immortal! His locomotive diſpoſition, (for then there was no other way of learning things) his ſimple curioſity, his religious credulity were much like thoſe of the old Grecian *. When you have *tant chevauché*, as to get to the end of him, there is Monſtrelet waits to take you up, and will ſet you down at Philip de Comines;

NOTE.

* See more of his opinion of this author, Section iv. Letter xxxvi.

mines; but previous to all theſe, you ſhould have read Villehardouin and Joinville. I do not think myſelf bound to defend the character of even the beſt of Kings *: pray flaſh them all and ſpare not.

It would be ſtrange too if I ſhould blame your Greek ſtudies, or find fault with you for reading Iſocrates; I did ſo myſelf twenty years ago, and in an edition at leaſt as bad as yours. The Panegyric, the de Pace, Areopagitic, and Advice to Philip, are by far the nobleſt remains we have of this writer, and equal to moſt things extant in the Greek tongue; but it depends on your judgment to diſtinguiſh between his real and occaſional opinion of things, as he directly contradicts in one place what he has advanced in another: for example, in the Panathenaic, and the de Pace, &c. on the naval power of Athens; the latter of the two is undoubtedly his own undiſguiſed ſentiment.

I would by all means wiſh you to comply with your friend's requeſt, and write the letter he deſires. I truſt to

NOTE.

* I ſuppoſe his correſpondent had made ſome ſtrictures on the character of Henry IV. of France. See Sect. iv. etter xxii. (Vol. IV.)

to the cauſe and to the warmth of your own kindneſs for inſpiration. Write eloquently, that is from your heart, in ſuch expreſſions as that will furniſh *. Men ſometimes catch that feeling from a ſtranger which ſhould have originally ſprung from their own heart.

LETTER XII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

May 24, 1771.

MY laſt ſummer's tour was through Worceſterſhire, Glouceſterſhire, Monmouthſhire, Herefordſhire, and Shropſhire, five of the moſt beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light and capital feature of my journey was the river Wye, which I deſcended in a boat for near forty miles from Roſs

NOTE.

* This ſhort ſentence contains a complete definition of natural eloquence; when it becomes an art it requires one more prolix, and our Author ſeems to have begun to ſketch it on a detached paper. "Its province (ſays he) is to reign "over minds of ſlow perception and little imagination, to "ſet

Roſs to Chepſtow. Its banks are a ſucceſſion of nameleſs beauties; one out of many you may ſee not ill deſcribed by Mr. Whately, in his Obſervations on Gardening, under the name of the New-Weir: he has alſo touched upon two others, Tinterne Abbey and Persfield, both of them famous ſcenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the ſame river, in a vale that is the delight of my eyes, and the very ſeat of pleaſure. The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland, and Chepſtow caſtles; Ludlow, Malvern-hills, Hampton-court, near Lemſter; the Leaſows, Hagley, the three cities and their cathedrals; and laſtly Oxford (where I paſſed two days on my return with great ſatisfaction) were the reſt of my acquiſitions, and no bad harveſt in my opinion; but I made no journal myſelf, elſe you ſhould have had it: I have indeed a ſhort one written by the companion of my travels,

NOTE.

"ſet things in lights they never ſaw them in; to engage "their attention by details and circumſtances gradually un- "folded, to adorn and heighten them with images and co- "lours unknown to them, and to raiſe and engage their "rude paſſions to the point to which the ſpeaker wiſhes to "bring them." * * *

travels *, that serves to recall and fix the fleeting images of these things.

I have had a cough upon me these three months, which is incurable. The approaching summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the Continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: but I make no promise, and can answer for nothing; my own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience: and yet travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were, but now I even tremble at an east wind.

This is the last Letter which I have selected for this Section; and I insert it chiefly for the occasion which it affords me of commenting on the latter part of it, where he speaks of his own employment as Professor of Modern History; an office which he had now held nearly three years, and had not begun to execute the duties of it. His health, which was all the time gradually on the decline, and his spirits only supported by the frequent

NOTE.

* Mr. Nicholls.

ſummer excurſions, during this period, might, to the candid reader, be a ſufficient apology for this omiſſion, or rather procraſtination: but there is more to be ſaid in his excuſe; and I ſhould ill execute the office I have undertaken of arranging theſe papers, with a view of doing honour to his memory, if I did not endeavour to remove every exception that might, with a ſhow of reaſon, be taken to his conduct in this inſtance.

His buſineſs, as Profeſſor, conſiſted of two parts; one, the teaching of modern languages; the other, the reading of lectures on Modern Hiſtory. The patent, which created the office, authorized him to execute the former of theſe by deputies; the latter, the ſame patent preſcribed to him, to commence by reading a public lecture in the ſchools, and to continue to do ſo once at leaſt in every term. As this patent did not aſcertain the language in which the lecture was to be read, he was at liberty to do it either in Latin or Engliſh; he choſe the former, and I think rather injudiciouſly; becauſe, though no man, in the earlier part of his life, was more ready in Latin compoſition, he had now loſt the habit, and might therefore well have excuſed himſelf, by the nature of his ſubject, from any ſuperadded difficulty of language. However, immediately on his appointment,

appointment, he ſketched out an admirable plan for his inauguration ſpeech; in which, after enumerating the preparatory and auxiliary ſtudies requiſite, ſuch as Antient Hiſtory, Geography, Chronology, &c. * he deſcended to the authentic ſources of the ſcience, ſuch as Public Treaties——State Records——Private Correſpondence of Ambaſſadors, &c. He alſo wrote the Exordium of this Theſis; not indeed in a manner correct enough to be here given by way of Fragment: but ſo ſpirited, in point of ſentiment, as leaves it much to be lamented, that he did not proceed to its completion. At the ſame time he drew up, and laid before the Duke of Grafton, juſt then choſen Chancellor of the Univerſity, three different ſchemes for regulating the method of chooſing pupils privately to be inſtructed by him: one of theſe was ſo much approved as to be ſent

NOTE.

* Amongſt theſe auxiliaries, he has ſet down *Memoria Technica*; an art in which he had much exerciſed himſelf when young. I find many memorial verſes among his ſcattered papers: and I ſuſpect he found good account in the practice; for few men were more ready and accurate in their dates of events than our Author.

to Oxford, in order to be * deliberated upon by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges for a ſimilar purpoſe: and the ſame plan, or ſomething like it, I believe, regulates the private lectures which Mr. Gray's ſucceſſor now reads at Cambridge; but the public ones are only given at Oxford: and yet I conceive, that on theſe (had Mr. Gray been appointed earlier in life to the office) he would have choſen chiefly to exert his uncommon abilities. Indeed, if we conſider the nature of the ſtudy itſelf, Modern Hiſtory, ſo far as it is a detail of facts, (and ſo far only, a boy juſt come from ſchool can be ſuppoſed to be taught it) may be as completely learned from private reading as from the mouth of any lecturer whatever. What can his lecture conſiſt of, if it aims to teach what it ought, but a chain of well-authenticated events, judiciouſly ſelected from the numerous writers on the ſubject? What can it then be more

NOTE.

* This ſentence is altered from the former Editions, on intelligence ſince received from Dr. Noel, the preſent Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory at Oxford. The Editor had there ſaid that "he believed the Public Lectures were ſtill omitted in *both* Univerſities." Whereas the truth is, that the Oxford Profeſſor reads an annual courſe of fifty private Lectures and one ſolemn one in the public ſchools every term.

more than an abridgment added to the innumerable ones with which our libraries are already crowded? I know of no difficult propoſitions which this ſtudy contains, to the proof of which the pupil muſt be led ſtep after ſtep by the ſlow hand of demonſtration; or that require to be elucidated by the conviction of a mechanical experiment. On this ſubject carefully to read, is completely to underſtand; it is the exerciſe of memory, not of reaſon. But a public Lecturer, reading to an audience well inſtructed in theſe facts, has a wider and nobler field. It is his province to trace every important event to its political ſpring; to develope the cauſe, and thence deduce the conſequence. In the courſe of ſuch diſquiſitions, the rational faculties of his auditors are employed in weighing the force of his arguments, and their judgments finally convinced by the deciſive ſtrength of them. What would be an idle diſplay of either logic or rhetoric, where youths are only to be initiated into the knowledge of facts, becomes before this circle of mature hearers, a neceſſary exertion of erudition and genius. From ſuch lectures, afterwards collected into a volume, not only the Univerſity but the nation itſelf, nay all other nations might reap their advantage; and receive from this, the benefit they have received from other ſimilar inſtitutions: For tho' Mr. Gray, in one

of

of the plans lately mentioned, obſerves, that "Lectures "read in public are generally things of more oſtentation "than uſe; yet" (he adds) "if indeed they ſhould gra- "dually ſwell into a book, and the Author ſhould find "reaſon to hope they might deſerve the attention of the "public, it is poſſible they might become of general "ſervice; of this we have already ſome inſtances, as "Judge Blackſtone's Lectures on the Common-Law, "and the Biſhop of Oxford's on Hebrew Poetry."

But theſe reflections lead me beyond my purpoſe, which was only to remove from my deceaſed friend any imputation which, on this account, might reſt on his memory. Certain it is, that notwithſtanding his ill health, he conſtantly intended to read lectures; and I remember the laſt time he viſited me at Aſton, in the ſummer of the year 1770, he expreſſed much chagrin on this ſubject, and even declared it to be his ſtedfaſt reſolution to reſign his Profeſſorſhip, if he found himſelf unable to do real ſervice in it. What I ſaid to diſſuade him from this, tho' I urged, as may be ſuppoſed, every argument I could think of, had, I found, ſo little weight with him, that I am almoſt perſuaded he would very ſoon have put this intention into execution. But

death

death prevented the trial; the particulars of which it is now my melancholy office to relate.

The Gout, which he always believed hereditary in his conſtitution, (for both his parents died of that diſtemper) had for ſeveral years attacked him in a weakly and unfixed manner; and the great temperance which he obſerved, particularly in regard to his drinking, ſerved, perhaps, to prevent any ſevere paroxiſm, but by no means eradicated the conſtitutional malady. In the latter end of May, 1771, juſt about the time he wrote the laſt letter, he removed to London, where he became feveriſh, and his dejection of ſpirits increaſed: the weather being then very ſultry, our common friend, Dr. Giſborne *, adviſed him, for an opener and freer air, to remove from his lodgings in Jermyn-ſtreet to Kenſington, where he frequently attended him, and where Mr. Gray ſo far got the better of his diſorder, as to be able to return to Cambridge; meaning from thence to ſet out very ſoon for Old Park, in hopes that travelling, from which he uſually received ſo much benefit, would compleat his cure: but on the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College Hall, he felt a ſudden

NOTE.

* Phyſician to his Majeſty's Houſehold.

ſudden nauſea, which obliged him to riſe from table and retire to his chamber. This continued to increaſe, and nothing ſtaying on his ſtomach, he ſent for his friend Dr. Glynn, who finding it to be the gout in that part, thought his caſe dangerous, and called in Dr. Plumptree, the Phyſical Profeſſor: they preſcribed to him the uſual cordials given in that diſtemper, but without any good effect; for on the 29th he was ſeized with a ſtrong convulſion fit, which, on the 30th, returned with increaſed violence, and on the next evening he expired. He was ſenſible at times almoſt to the laſt, and from the firſt aware of his extreme danger; but expreſſed no viſible concern at the thoughts of his approaching diſſolution.

This account I draw up from the letters which Dr. Brown, then on the ſpot, wrote to me during his ſhort illneſs; and as I felt ſtrongly at the time what Tacitus has ſo well expreſſed on a ſimilar occaſion, I may, with propriety, uſe his words: "Mihi, præter acerbitatem "amici erepti, auget mæſtitiam, quod adſidere valetu-"dini, fovere deficientem, ſatiari vultu, complexu, "non contigit *." I was then on the eaſtern ſide of Yorkſhire,

NOTE.

* Vita Agricolæ, cap. xlv.

Yorkſhire, at a diſtance from the direct poſt, and therefore did not receive the melancholy intelligence ſoon enough to be able to reach Cambridge before his corpſe had been carried to the place he had, by will, appointed for its interment. To ſee the laſt rites duly performed, therefore, fell to the lot of Dr. Brown; I had only to join him, on his return from the funeral, in executing the other truſts which his friendſhip had authorized us jointly to perform.

The method in which I have arranged the foregoing pages, has, I truſt, one degree of merit, that it makes the reader ſo well acquainted with the man himſelf, as to render it totally unneceſſary to conclude the whole with his character. If I am miſtaken in this point, I have been a compiler to little purpoſe; and I choſe to be this rather than a biographer, that I might do the more juſtice to the virtues and genius of my friend. I might have written his life in the common form, perhaps with more reputation to myſelf; but, ſurely, not with equal information to the reader; for whoſe ſake I have never related a ſingle circumſtance of Mr. Gray's life in my own words, when I could employ *his* for the purpoſe. Fortunately I had more materials for this uſe, than commonly fall to the lot of an Editor; and I certainly

tainly have not been ſparing in the uſe of them: whether I have been too laviſh, muſt be left to the deciſion of the public.

With reſpect to the Latin Poems, which I have printed in the three firſt Sections of theſe Memoirs, (Vol. II. III.) I muſt beg leave to add one word here, though a little out of place. A learned and ingenious perſon, to whom I communicated them, after they were printed off, was of opinion, that they contain ſome few expreſſions not warranted by any good authority; and that there are one or two falſe quantities to be found in them. I once had an intention to cancel the pages, and correct the paſſages objected to, according to my friend's criticiſms; but, on ſecond thoughts, I deemed it beſt to let them ſtand exactly as I found them in the manuſcripts. The accurate claſſical reader will perhaps be beſt pleaſed with finding out the faulty paſſages himſelf; and his candour will eaſily make the proper allowances for any little miſtakes in verſes, which he will conſider never had the author's laſt hand.

I might here lay down my pen, yet if any reader ſhould ſtill want his character, I will give him one which was publiſhed very ſoon after Mr. Gray's deceaſe,

ceaſe *. It appears to be well written; and, as it comes from an anonymous pen, I chooſe the rather to inſert it, as it will, on that account, be leſs ſuſpected of partiality.

" Perhaps he was the moſt learned man in Europe. " He was equally acquainted with the elegant and pro- " found parts of ſcience, and that not ſuperficially but " thoroughly. He knew every branch of hiſtory, both " natural † and civil; had read all the original hiſto- " rians

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* It appeared in the London Magazine a month or two after his deceaſe, and was prefaced with an Eulogy on his poetical merit, which I did not think neceſſary to reprint in a work where that merit ſo very fully ſpeaks for itſelf.

† I have given, in the beginning of this Section, an account of the great pains which Mr. Gray beſtowed on Natural Hiſtory. I have ſince been favoured with a Letter from a Gentleman, well ſkilled in that ſcience, who after carefully peruſing his interleaved Syſtema Naturæ of Linnæus, gives me this character of it: " In the claſs of animals (the " Mammalia) he has concentrated (if I may uſe the expreſ- " ſion) what the old writers and the diffuſe Buffon have ſaid " upon the ſubject; he has univerſally adapted the conciſe " language of Linnæus, and has given it an elegance which " the

" rians of England, France, and Italy; and was a " great antiquarian. Criticiſm, metaphyſics, morals, " politics, made a principal part of his plan of ſtudy; " voyages and travels of all ſorts were his favourite " amuſement: and he had a fine taſte in painting, " prints, architecture, and gardening *. With ſuch a " fund of knowledge, his converſation muſt have been " equally

NOTES.

" the Swede had no idea of; but there is little of his own " in this claſs, and it ſerved him only as a common-place; " but it is ſuch a common-place that few men but Mr. Gray " could form. In the birds and fiſhes he has moſt accurately " deſcribed all that he had an opportunity of examining: " but the volume of inſects is the moſt perfect; on the Eng- " liſh inſects there is certainly nothing ſo perfect. In regard " to the plants, there is little elſe than the Engliſh names " and their native ſoils extracted from the Species Planta- " rum of Linnæus. I ſuppoſe no man was ſo complete a " maſter of his ſyſtem; he has ſelected the diſtinguiſhing " marks of each animal, &c. with the greateſt judgment, " and, what no man elſe probably could have done, he has " made the German Latin of Linnæus purely claſſical."

* He has diſclaimed any ſkill in this art in the xxxvith Letter of the fourth Section, and uſually held it in leſs eſtimation than I think it deſerves, declaring himſelf to be only charmed with the bolder features of unadorned nature.

" equally inſtructing and entertaining; but he was alſo
" a good man, a well-bred man, a man of virtue and
" humanity. There is no character without ſome
" ſpeck, ſome imperfection; and I think the greateſt
" defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather
" effeminacy *, and a viſible faſtidiouſneſs, or con-
" tempt and diſdain of his inferiors in ſcience. He alſo
" had in ſome degree that weakneſs which diſguſted
" Voltaire ſo much in Mr. Congreve †: though he
" ſeemed

NOTES.

* This is rightly put; it was rather an affectation in delicacy and effeminacy than the things themſelves; and he choſe to put on this appearance chiefly before perſons whom he did not wiſh to pleaſe.

† I have often thought that Mr. Congreve might very well be vindicated on this head. It ſeldom happens that the vanity of authorſhip continues to the end of a man's days, it uſually ſoon leaves him where it found him; and if he has not ſomething better to build his ſelf-approbation upon than that of being a popular writer, he generally finds himſelf ill at eaſe, if reſpected only on that account. Mr. Congreve was much advanced in years when the young French Poet paid him this viſit; and, though a man of the world, he might now feel that indifference to literary fame which Mr. Gray, who always led a more retired and philoſophic life, certainly

"ſeemed to value others, chiefly according to the pro-
"greſs they had made in knowledge *; yet he could
"not bear to be conſidered himſelf merely as a man of
"letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or
"ſtation, his deſire was to be looked upon as a private
"independent Gentleman, who read for his amuſe-
"ment. Perhaps it may be ſaid, What ſignifies ſo
"much knowledge, when it produced ſo little? Is it
"worth taking ſo much pains to leave no memorial,
"but a few poems? But let it be conſidered, that Mr.
"Gray was to others, at leaſt innocently employed; to
"himſelf, certainly beneficially. His time paſſed agree-
"ably; he was every day making ſome new acquiſition
"in

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certainly felt much earlier. Both of them therefore might reaſonably, at times, expreſs ſome diſguſt, if their quiet was intruded upon by perſons who thought they flattered them by ſuch intruſion.

* It was not on account of their knowledge that he valued mankind. He contemned indeed all pretenders to literature, but he did not ſelect his friends from the literary claſs, merely becauſe they were literate. To be his friend it was always either neceſſary that a man ſhould have ſomething better than an improved underſtanding, or at leaſt that Mr. Gray ſhould believe he had.

" in ſcience; his mind was enlarged, his heart ſoften-
" ed, his virtue ſtrengthened; the world and mankind
" were ſhewn to him without a maſk; and he was
" taught to conſider every thing as trifling, and un-
" worthy of the attention of a wiſe man, except the
" purſuit of knowledge, and the practice of virtue, in
" that ſtate wherein God hath placed us."

F I N I S.

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